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Summary of the News

The steady offensive of the British towards Bapaume is nearing its objective since the fall of Combles as a result of a joint onslaught of the British and French, and the capture of Thiepval and Gueudecourt, both fortified villages on the German line to the north. The possession of Thiepval has been most desirable to Gen. Haig, as it has proved an important barrier since the beginning of his offensive on July 1, and now gives him the vantage of higher ground dominating the Ancre valley for the artillery command of the plain where Bapaume lies. Minor but important successes as a result of this newly won range of hills have been the gaining of German trenches on a 3,000-mile front and the possession of Eaucourt l'Abbaye. Gen. Haig reports the capture of thirty guns of various calibres, while the list of German prisoners taken since the inception of his drive on July 1 has now reached 28,735.

The coördination of the French attack under Gen. Foch has made the combined Allied advance rhythmical. Besides gains around Rancourt and Morval, the French coöperated with the British in the taking of Combles. On their Champagne front the Germans have made counter-attacks that have failed, and the apparent French inactivity is largely due to bad weather. Gen. Foch is now pressing forward along the Somme southeast of Cléry.

In the east Gen. Brussiloff has begun a new drive in Galicia, north and south of Lemberg, and, according to Petrograd official reports of last Monday, the Austro-German lines were penetrated and more than 4,000 prisoners taken. Berlin has also conceded the fact of Russian gains southeast of Lemberg. On the Dobrudja front, renewed activity on the part of the Russo-Rumanian army was reported in the papers of Tuesday. In their Rumanian offensive the Teutonic allies claim for their Transylvania offensive the defeat at Hermannstadt after a three-day battle of King Ferdinand's troops. Bucharest has officially admitted a reverse as the result of overwhelming attacks on all sides, and insists that their troops succeeded in cutting a way through and reëstablishing communications. And the fact that only 3,000 prisoners are said to have been taken seems to confirm the contention.

In the Balkans the various efforts of the Allies report local successes. To the east of Florina the French repulsed fierce Bulgarian attacks, and to the west the Russians, cooperating with the French, attacked and won both trenches and prisoners. The rehabilitated Serbs are proudly mentioned by their French sponsors as still holding the Kaimalkcalan Mountain, after beating off numerous Bulgarian attacks, and capturing a Bulgar battery. The British, after a thorough artillery preparation, stormed the Bulgarian positions on the Struma and took two villages with several hundred prisoners. There is no evidence that the Bulgarians are being supported by their Teutonic or Turkish allies, all such assistance being diverted at present against the Rumanians and the Russians.

The maelstrom into which King Constantine's Teutonic affiliations have plunged the Greeks is now sweeping in detachments from the army and navy, and it is predicted that a speedy declaration by the King for the Allies will be forthcoming. The army, backed by the Chief of Staff and 500 officers, has addressed a memorial to Constantine demanding an abolition of Greek neutrality. Meanwhile, Venizelos, the ex-Premier, has reached Crete, the centre of pro-Ally disaffection, has formed a provincial government, and has declared his intention of inaugurating a movement for the defence of Greek Macedonia. He describes his party as purely national, with no intention of overthrowing the Athens régime. Athens, however, according to latest reports, regards his Cretan visit as preliminary to an insurrection, while all members of the army and navy belonging to his party are leaving for Salonica. The final decision of the King in favor of war on the side of the Allies is momentarily expected, while the steady secession of the Greek islands in favor of the Provisional Government is stirring Athens.

The anxiously awaited speech of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg at the opening of the Reichstag was delivered September 28, and proved disappointing, according to the various comments of the Berlin papers. Perhaps the only statement that escaped the restraint he is said to have placed upon his utterances was the intimation that he was in favor of a resumption of submarine activity. The passage which has attracted most comment is that declaring that "a German statesman who would refrain from using against this enemy every proper means of warfare which is apt to shorten the war deserves to be hanged"; it followed upon his bitter recriminations against the aims and perfidy of Great Britain. Against this is quoted the verdict of Lord Robert Cecil, Minister of War Trade, that "the lull in submarine warfare is due to a shortage in submarines, and it is always increased when instruments are at hand." Interest has centred in the whereabouts of the Bremen, since the announcement and subsequent disavowal in Berlin of the arrival of that craft at New London. Meanwhile, rumor has finally become concrete in a Washington dispatch, based on English sources, that the Bremen has been captured and taken to Rosyth, the British naval base in Scotland.

Following upon the published interview with Mr. Lloyd George, in which it was stated that any efforts on the part of neutrals to bring about peace at this time would be regarded as pro-German, comes an announcement from the League to Enforce Peace, of which ex-President Taft is the head. It is the sentiment of this League that the present war will have to be fought through to a finish.

The Presidential campaign may now be said to be in full swing. Saturday was signalized by two carefully calculated speeches, one by Mr. Wilson, the other by Mr. Roosevelt, and by the address of Mr. Hughes at Buffalo, which concluded a speech-making tour of two weeks. Mr. Wilson, in accordance with a promise made to his political advisers, relinquished his non-partisan attitude and struck out boldly against the Republican party. With more perspective than the campaign had seen thus far, he reviewed the history of the leading parties in this country, with the purpose of showing the vitality of his own party. The inference which he wished to be drawn from this summary was that the Republican party, owing to an absence of important issues, was losing its popular appeal. Incidentally he made a point which might well give pause to German-Americans who imagine that in Mr. Hughes they have a candidate specially qualified to look after their own particular interests. Denying apparently that there could have been any middle ground between his European policy and our actual participation in the war on the side of the Allies, Mr. Wilson said that to install a Republican Administration at Washington would probably mean some form of war for this country.

Mr. Roosevelt, at Battle Creek, inveighed against what he called Mr. Wilson's policy of vacillation, and, of course, had his fun with the President's propensity for letter-writing. He attacked especially the Administration's handling of the railway crisis, citing his own policy in dealing with the anthracite strike. The space which he gave to this question confirms Mr. Hughes's statement that the labor question is to be regarded as the chief issue of this campaign.

On Saturday it was announced by Carranza that the Vice-Presidency of the de-facto Government of Mexico was abolished, since aspiration to this office had been the cause of most of the internal troubles. According to his decree the Presidential term is reduced from six to four years, and it is stated that under no circumstances may a Mexican President be elected for two consecutive terms. Gen. Carranza has also provided for a re-establishment of the tribunals of justice throughout the land.

The threatened sympathetic strike, growing out of the street-railway troubles, which, beginning on Wednesday of last week, was to have paralyzed New York city, has failed to materialize, in spite of the greatest activity on the part of labor leaders. The subway and the elevated systems have been running nearly up to their normal rate and have met with very little violence from the strikers, owing to the admirable way in which the situation has been met by Mayor Mitchel and Police Commissioner Woods.

Both houses of the Danish Parliament passed on September 30 the bill for a plébiscite on the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States, though it is probable that the question will not be finally disposed of short of two months.

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The Week

"Hurrah for Woodrow Wilson"—this is the cry that, we may be sure, sprang to the lips of millions of American citizens as they read in their papers on Saturday the stinging reply made by the President to a telegram sent him by the impudent blatherskite who is the head of the pro-German association that calls itself the American Truth Society. We do not envy Mr. Hughes his feelings as he reads these few brief lines:

SHADOW LAWN, ELBERON, N. J., September 29.
Your telegram received. I would feel deeply mortified to have you or anybody like you vote for me. Since you have access to many disloyal Americans and I have not, I will ask you to convey this message to them.
WOODROW WILSON.

Self-respect alone demanded just such an answer, and the scathing effectiveness of the message plainly springs from the intense indignation which inspired it. But what self-respect dictated, political calculation would equally approve. How many votes will be turned to Wilson by this episode, we cannot venture to estimate; but it is certain that it has warmed the blood of many a man who had been cold or hostile, and made him feel like registering at once approval of the President's splendid utterance and disgust at the "enemies he has made" by casting a vote for a second term for Woodrow Wilson. That it has not lost the President a single vote is too obvious for dispute; the only question is not whether it has helped him, but how much. And we are inclined to think that the answer is, very much indeed. The American people have a great fondness for strong words that are said at exactly the right time and have exactly the right ring.

We do not observe that Republican newspapers are filled with delight at the return-blow which the friends of Mr. John J. O'Leary and the American Truth Society delivered on Sunday. These gentlemen vented their resentment in great shape, at a meeting in the Garden Theatre, in which the pleasing statement was made to the faithful that the truth about the war would become known when "London ceases to edit the New York newspapers and English gold ceases to pollute their news columns," and in which the President of course came in for the severest rebuke from the guardians of undiluted Americanism. As for the personal aspect of the matter, O'Leary was vigorously defended against the imputation of disloyalty. But nobody cares whether O'Leary personally is "loyal" or not. The President's reply to his telegram was applauded as an expression of indignation at an impudent and insulting communication, and we venture to say that it came nearer to receiving unanimous approval than anything else that has been said in this campaign.

The President does well to resist the importunities of those who wish him to make campaign speaking-tours in various parts of the country, and the pressure brought to bear upon him by political managers in favor of a stump-speech programme of any kind. All that is really worth saying he can say at Shadow Lawn, can say it much better than he could in the midst of the hurry and the wear-and-tear of a speech-making tour, and get it much more effectively heard by the nation. A few notable speeches, making a real impression and not leaving the public mind in precisely the same condition that it was in before, would have a far greater influence on the actual course of the campaign than any number of little addresses which are merely the same speech repeated over and over, with just that minimum of variation which is necessary to give a faint semblance of superficial novelty. Why should not a speech by a candidate for the Presidency be something that the people throughout the country look forward to with eagerness, and read with keen interest?

As the candidate of a party which believes in deeds, not words, why should Mr. Hughes go to such pains in citing supposed instructions to John Lind as proof that Mr. Wilson set himself from the first to get Huerta out of Mexico? Mr. Wilson's deeds in that matter are clearer evidence on this point than any document that may be quoted. Is there any one in the country who still thinks that the expedition to Vera Cruz was for the purpose of forcing Huerta to salute the flag? Unquestionably, Mr. Wilson has waged personal warfare in his Mexican policy. He did so openly when he drew the distinction between *fighting Huerta and fighting the* Mexican people, a distinction to which the Constitutionalist leaders in Mexico subscribed. What Mr. Wilson, however, would insist upon is the motive behind his personal warfare upon Huerta. It was not undertaken because Washington did not like the cast of Huerta's features, or even of his moral outlook, but because the presence of Huerta was regarded as working for the perpetuation of Mexico's troubles, and hence for prolongation of the crisis with the United States. Mr. Hughes, while scoring a debating point perhaps, is telling us nothing new.

If it is a long step towards true "preparedness" to appoint excellent generals, then President Wilson is entitled to the hearty thanks and high praise of the defence leagues. He has just selected four colonels for promotion to brigadiers whose records so conspicuously entitle them to this promotion that we believe it will be acclaimed throughout the army. From the beginning, with one exception, President Wilson has adopted a policy of letting the generals pick out the men to be promoted, and has insisted that colonels only should be chosen. He has refused to countenance the practice of other Presidents in jumping captains or majors over the heads of hundreds of other officers. Not in a single instance in the many promotions made by him has there been the slightest suggestion that political influence or personal pull was the reason for anybody's advancement. For the first time in the history of the army, politics has been absolutely excluded in this matter of promotions. This makes it all the more extraordinary that President Wilson should have lent himself to political misuse of the foreign service of the country under Mr. Bryan's administration of the State Department.

Republicans all over the country are asking themselves whether 70 per cent. or 80 per cent. or 90 per cent. of the Progressives are coming back, they being the decisive factor in the campaign. All over the country they are asking the question except in California. There the old Republican managers are under the distinct impression that about 2000 per cent. of the Progressives came back, judging from what Hiram Johnson did to the Old Guard in the Republican primaries. On Sunday the Republican State Central Committee was reorganized and all the offices went to supporters of Gov. Johnson. If elsewhere there is a remnant of Progressive pride, and if that pride has been hurt by the extreme coolness of the reception extended to the prodigals by the Old Guard, say, of New York, they can find a good deal of consolation by turning their gaze to California. There the returned prodigal has made good his return by throwing his father out of the window, appropriating the fatted calf, and taking possession of all the available fine raiment in the house.

The renomination of James E. Martine in the Democratic primaries in New Jer-

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sey is nothing short of a disgrace to that State. In him the United States Senate surely touched the low-water mark. His personal conduct and bearing, his speeches, and his votes ought each to have insured his defeat by any set of thinking voters. Instead, he appears to have won by a vote double that given to his adversary. The shame of this is not mitigated by the smallness of the poll. That such a man had the effrontery again to run for the highest office in the gift of the State should certainly have made every self-respecting Democrat turn out to prevent what has taken place. As it is, the election seems to have gone almost by default, less than 70,000 Democrats voting. The disgrace of this is emphasized by the fact that, in justice to his State, Mr. Wilson found it necessary to throw the Administration's influence against him, and it is made all the more regrettable by the fact that he was the candidate of the German-Americans, being lauded to the skies by the *Staats-Zeitung* as the true type of the American to be kept in public life.

The death of Senator Clarke, of Arkansas, creates no such situation as that left by the death of Shively, of Indiana, or Burleigh, of Maine. His State is certain to replace him by another Democrat. But it may be questioned whether his successor will have the qualities which made Senator Clarke much more than a member of the Senate on the Democratic side. The accounts of his career stress his independence of party, the last exhibition of which was his refusal, not only to vote for the Eight-Hour law pressed upon Congress by his party chief, but even to sign it in his capacity as President pro tem. He named another Senator Acting President pro tem., thus carrying his disapproval of the legislation to the last ditch. His attitude upon the first Ship Purchase bill was as independent and as determined. He led the opposition of the minority of his party against President Wilson's pet measure, and by thus reinforcing the Republican filibuster made the defeat of the bill inevitable. That he was willing to go as far as he could in accepting legislation deemed wise by his party leaders was shown by his support of the bill in its revised form. Nobody imagines that Senator Clarke lost prestige in his own party on account of his way of making up his own mind about matters, and outside of his party his course won for him that special respect which political independence in high office is sure to bring to those who are courageous enough to practice it.

At first sight it seems anomalous that the President's progressive record with regard to legislation opening under proper precautions our natural resources should be the object of attack by Gifford Pinchot; but in these matters Pinchot's judgments are to be discounted as those of a stubborn man with a grievance. Even he cannot avoid praising the Alaska Railroad bill, the bill assuring Government control of coal lands in Alaska, and the President's veto of the bill opening national forest lands to occupation. But he sharply calls the Shields bill "indefensible," and states that it "gives away the public water powers forever and for nothing." This bill was endorsed by the National Conservation Congress last May, 116 to 39; far from giving away our water power on navigable streams, it provides that after fifty years the Government may take over plants at actual valuation—and it has been repeatedly shown that capital will develop little water power unless assured a fifty years' tenure. In his remarks on the Senate bill concerning water power on public lands, Mr. Pinchot glosses over the fact that the differences between it and the Ferris bill, which President Wilson endorsed and against which even Pinchot does not say a word, are still to be smoothed over in conference. And has Mr. Pinchot nothing to say for the commendable activities of the Administration in opening more national parks, for its execution of the Enlarged Homesteads act, and for its better protection of Indian oil and mineral lands? One criticism must be admitted to have force—that relating to the reorganization of the Reclamation Service.

Definite steps in Mexican reform are listed in what the accurate Washington bureau of the Boston *Monitor* terms an official statement given to it of Constitutionalist undertakings. Agrarian commissions are at work in various States in accordance with the comprehensive plan announced two years ago. Community lands are being restored to their rightful owners, and those desiring tracts for cultivation are fast receiving them. Peonage has been destroyed by a law limiting the debt of any laborer, and another wiping it out, whether liquidated or not, after a certain period. The eight-hour day has been decreed, and laborers in shop or factory must be paid for overtime. A minimum wage law has ended the hiring of laborers for a pittance of a few centavos daily. Unions have for the first time been recognized and even encouraged. Decrees have been promulgated governing the exploitation of mineral, forest, and other resources to prevent monopolies. Taxation has been equalized, thousands of new schools have been established, and amnesty is gradually being granted the opponents of the Government. The Carranza Government may in some of these matters be speaking of things as though almost accomplished which it has merely set afoot and which will be difficult to push through; but, allowing for this, the statement holds out the hope of a new and better Mexico.

Against the shouters for unmitigated Frightfulness the German Chancellor took a bold stand in his speech before the Reichstag. A German statesman should be hanged, he declared, if he hesitated to use against the enemy every available instrument of battle that would "really shorten this war." In that word "really" is the complete answer to the Frightfulness hecklers. What Bethmann-Hollweg asks his opponents to prove is that the gain from letting the U-boats run amuck will more than compensate for the entrance of the United States in the war on the side of the Allies. For that is, after all, what the Reventlows are driving at when they call for the use of all available weapons. Put aside the hypothesis of German defeat which the German mind refuses to accept, and speak only in terms of the prolongation of the war which Germany does recognize as a result of the increase in the number of her enemies. If Rumania's entrance means a prolongation, if the entrance of Greece means a prolongation, the question is how much would the war be "prolonged" by using all available weapons to force this country into war. Or is it a question only of strong words to bolster up national confidence in times of tribulation?

Only in Germany have they recognized from the beginning the amazing effectiveness of American-made munitions. What the American shell can do, according to the Morahts and the Hansa Leaguers, is apparently as follows: It can kill several months before the shell is loaded with powder, weeks even before the shell-casting is made. It is effective at a range of five thousand miles. When it explodes it picks up its own fragments, reassembles itself, and ambles back to the Allied battery stations to be fired again and again. Such at least is the inescapable conclusion from the "fact" that American munitions have robbed Germany of her victory. We know that American shells were slaying German soldiers long

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before the shells had left the factory. It was with American shells, presumably, that Brussiloff smashed the Austrian lines, getting his supply of munitions apparently through the air. It is only American shells that make up the ceaseless hurricane which has been pouring upon the German trenches on the Somme, the output of several thousand British and French factories being, of course, inconsiderable. That Germany can be in danger of losing the war through French generalship and devotion, or British pluck, or Russia's inexhaustible supply of men, is utterly inconceivable. German defeat is so contrary to the dictates of human reason that only a supernatural cause will offer an explanation. And that cause is the supernatural American shell.

Two items in the news, at first sight standing in no close relation to each other, enter intimately into any forecast of what Germany's military plans may be for the future. One is the story of the Rumanian defeat around Hermannstadt and Red Tower Pass. The other is the statement of British casualties since the beginning of the Somme operations in July. These two reports enable us to measure the relative strength of German offensive power and defensive power; or, in other words, to measure the relative profit which Germany may expect from taking the initiative or leaving the initiative to the Allies. About the battle of Hermannstadt the first thing that strikes the reader is the disproportion between the terms used by the Teutons to describe their victory and the tangible result of that victory as measured by the favorite German standard, namely, the number of prisoners taken. The battle was marked by one of those brilliant flanking marches which von Hindenburg has practiced so successfully against the Russians in East Prussia. When an army is taken full in the rear, when its line of retreat is cut, when it is dispersed and is compelled to take to the mountains, one expects a haul of prisoners approaching the famous Hindenburg bags of 100,000 and 150,000 Russians. What the Germans claim to date is just 3,000 prisoners, or two-thirds the number taken by the Russians in the course of a single day's routine fighting in Galicia.

Compare with the meagre results of the recent German offensive, as measured in loss inflicted on the enemy, the price which Germany has been making her enemies pay in the west, where she stands on the defence. Since the beginning of July the British have lost 307,000 men. A fraction of this number may be assigned to other fronts—the Balkans and Mesopotamia. It is still true that on the Somme alone the casualties have been close to 300,000. If we add the losses of the French under Foch, we get the half-million casualties which Berlin some time ago ascribed to the Allies on the Somme. It is about the same price which the Germans paid for their venture against Verdun. The Allies have got more for their money than the Crown Prince did. They can afford to pay a price in men which Germany cannot. But, plainly, it is to the interest of the Germans to make the Allies pay as heavy a price as possible. It does not necessarily follow that the Anglo-French armies will have to keep on paying at the same rate. Their momentum may increase as they get beyond the strongest German line, which has naturally been the first line. But at present their losses are heavy enough to explain the renewed agitation in England for more intensive recruiting.

The circumstantial account from Bucharest of the battle in the Dobrudja which Rumania insists on describing as an important victory and which Berlin reported as ending in a disorderly retirement for the Russo-Rumanians, shows that in substance the Rumanian claims were correct. It was a battle undertaken by Mackensen for the purpose of cutting the railway line from Cernavoda on the Danube to Kustendji on the Black Sea. This line was covered by the Russo-Rumanian army lying some miles to the south of the railway. Now Bucharest admits that at one time the Teuto-Bulgars had forced their way into Cernavoda, and that the Allies would have suffered a serious setback if on the wing nearest to the Black Sea they had not countered with effect, driving back the enemy's right wing and forcing a retirement along the whole line. It must have been at the moment that Mackensen's troops had broken into Cernavoda, and were seemingly in control not only of the railway but of the bridges across the Danube, that the Kaiser telegraphed to the German Empress announcing a great victory for Mackensen. Berlin now makes no claim of control over the railway line across the Dobrudja which Mackensen set himself to win. In sum, therefore, the Russo-Rumanians did score an important success.

When such a story is put out as that of the deliberate infection of prisoners in Germany with the bacilli of tuberculosis, the only proper attitude to take towards it is that nothing short of the most authoritative evidence can give it any standing. A story wildly improbable on its face is not much advanced towards credibility by the mere fact that it is disseminated from respectable quarters, is apparently vouched for by two or three persons of high standing, and is circumstantial in its details. That Germany has justly incurred the detestation of the world by many of her acts in this war, no paper has declared more strongly than the *Nation;* but between even the worst of these acts and the cold-blooded fiendishness charged in this story there is an immeasurable distance. A good point is made on the subject, by the way, in a letter from Dr. Hendrik Willem van Loon in the New York *Times*. He points out that complaints of ill-treatment of prisoners in Germany have been steadily investigated and reported upon by the American and Spanish Ambassadors at Berlin; and that the assertion that these prisoners have been, systematically and on a great scale, subjected to so unspeakably inhuman a practice as that charged is an accusation of gross dereliction of duty on the part of those Ambassadors.

A rumor is abroad that the Columbia University Law School has a mind to withdraw the chivalrous protection from itself which it has hitherto accorded to women. At present, while every other department of the University now admits women on the same terms as men, the Law School is open to them for six weeks of every summer, but for that period only—the idea being, no doubt, that the delicate female health needs forty-six weeks of recuperation before being allowed to subject itself to another such intellectual debauch. The practice is exactly in line with New England tradition. We read that in 1766 the town of Medford voted that girls might be instructed by the schoolmaster "two hours a day after the boys are dismissed"; and Nathan Hale, in 1774, writes that he has "kept during the summer a morning school between the hours of five and seven, of about twenty young ladies." But if there is precedent for such careful doling out of learning to "the sex," there is also, by this time, precedent for giving girls a square meal—and they have been known to survive it. We hardly think that either the lives of women or the prestige of the Columbia Law School would be seriously endangered if masculinity as an entrance requirement were altogether done away with.

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DISCOVERING A "PARAMOUNT" ISSUE.

Mr. Hughes declared on Saturday that the labor question was the paramount issue of the campaign. He meant the principles involved in the eight-hour law for railways, and the method of its enactment by Congress. To him it is a vital matter. The germs of tyranny lie visible in it. And as he said courageously from the beginning, he would rather be right on this issue and be defeated, than go wrong on it, or keep silent, and win the Presidency. To his mind it now overtops every other issue of the election.

This frank and bold statement by the Republican candidate carries certain inferences not perhaps intended. It suggests that Mr. Hughes has not found his other issues going very well, and is glad to discover a new one that he can hail as paramount. Not a line of all this appeared in his elaborate speech of acceptance. The question had not then risen above the horizon. Nothing of the sort could have been in the mind of Mr. Hughes when he resigned from the bench and decided to run for the Presidency in order to meet a "national exigency." It looks now as if he had not been very successful in persuading the people about this exigency, and is ready to try defining it in new terms. He may be right in emphasizing the issue which came up so unexpectedly. We ourselves agree with him in thinking it full of grave possibilities. But the present attitude of Mr. Hughes cannot fail to seem a good deal of an afterthought, as well as a tacit confession that his speeches on other topics have not gripped the heart of the nation.

Another inference must be drawn from this discovery, only five weeks before election, of the paramount issue of the campaign. It is that those citizens are wise who have kept their minds open, and held their judgment in suspense, until the Presidential canvass had worked itself out into the clear. By this year's platforms no independent-minded man could be guided to a firm decision. Party names never meant so little. All the efforts to furbish up old issues have left them still looking dingy. And all along there was the possibility that some sudden change might occur, some new element be projected into the campaign, which would alter its whole aspect. This, according to Mr. Hughes, has now taken place. What folly it would have been, then, for a man who thinks for himself, or a newspaper accustomed to swear in the name of no master, to reach a conclusion in June or July which the course of events by October might completely upset! In ex-President Eliot's sober and judicial weighing of the claims of parties, in his *Atlantic* article, not a word is or could be said of this later upheaval. It is a late development of the campaign. Mr. Hughes has seized upon it for one purpose. The Democrats are seeking to make capital out of it for another. The whole thing was not heard of at either the Chicago or the St. Louis Convention. It was precipitated upon the country long after the politicians had made all their plans. Yet we are told that it is a shame not to have made up one's mind long ago! But, surely, the expectant attitude of so many voters is fully justified by the admission of Mr. Hughes that all that has gone before amounts to little compared with an issue injected into the campaign during its last two months.

Those who feel with Mr. Hughes that a question of transcendent importance is coming before the American people, in a way not foreseen by anybody in June, do not limit their apprehensions to the single matter of the Eight-Hour bill. That by itself we can get over or get on with. But what gives one pause is the probability—almost the certainty—that this particular measure is only an earnest of what we are to look for in the future. Organized labor is evidently going to make new demands. Following the war, and consequent upon the adjustments of wages which will then be necessary in some industries, we are reasonably sure to see agitations on a scale and of a sort never before witnessed in this country. They may easily be dominant in our politics during the next few years. And it is obviously of the highest concern to the country that the fundamentals of settlement be carefully studied in advance, and that the best Executives and the parties most fitted to deal with the entire range of these looming labor troubles be placed in power.

No offhand decision should be made. On the question of method, Mr. Hughes has unquestionably argued out his position in a way to convince most sober citizens of its superiority to that of President Wilson. But, then, Mr. Wilson, if reëlected, would be free to press on with the constructive parts of his programme for making great strikes impossible, and might be able to make better use of his party than could Mr. Hughes of his. The Republicans, being confessedly the party of capital, might either oppose all labor demands, and so provoke all kinds of excesses, verging on the revolutionary, or else give way in a panic and go even further in yielding than would Democrats under the leadership of Wilson. The whole question will bear a lot of examination and discussion. It will undoubtedly come up again and again in the closing weeks of the campaign. The more serious it is, the more urgent that no man should form a snap judgment on it.

A WORTHY MAYOR.

Now that the general strike which was to have aided the digestion of New Yorkers, union and non-union alike, by letting them starve, has practically fizzled out, it is but just that the public should give credit to the admirable bearing of the city officials throughout the crisis. The city has been fortunate indeed in its Mayor. Mr. Mitchel has shown the fine quality of his make-up from the beginning of the trouble to this hour, and set an example of fair play coupled with resolute enforcement of law which will have its effect for years to come. A year hence Mr. Mitchel will be a candidate for reëlection; we believe that if the election were pending now he would do no more and no less than he has done. No one during these trying weeks has even hinted that he was either playing politics or allowing his own judgment to be affected in the slightest degree by considerations of his political future. Without being in the least bombastic or threatening, he took his position firmly, and after exhausting every effort at mediation, calmly and quietly faced the issue, notifying all concerned, in simple but impressive terms, that every resource in his power would be exhausted to maintain order.

Now if Mayor Mitchel had chosen to be guided by recent high example in a national emergency, he might have been beseeching the Governor to call the Legislature to pass hastily drawn laws to prevent the starvation of the city. He might have quoted verbatim many of President Wilson's sentences as directly applicable to this local crisis, since, for all he could tell, the general strike might bring about terrible suffering, if not starvation, in the city. Was not that the moment to fling away every principle and rush to the Legislature demanding that New York be saved from having to face the issue? Was not that the time to insist that some legislative body fix the hours of labor or the rate of pay? Why, he might have learned of the Yonkers Aldermen and demanded that our Aldermen pass an ordinance forbidding the use of strike-breakers, and he would have done this thing

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had he been a mere politician or concerned with the number of votes that might be cast for him a year hence, should he desire re-election. Nothing of the kind. He joined with Commissioner Straus in setting forth the facts in the case, which showed that both parties to the strife were in the wrong, and then he awaited the outcome. As on previous occasions, he showed unusual judicial quality in all the negotiations.

Not that he has escaped some abuse on the part of the union leaders; some of them raised the cry that the police were helping the strike-breakers. That was not true, unless in isolated cases. So far as we have been able to observe, the bearing of the police has been admirable, and their effectiveness has been the highest possible tribute to the remarkable improvement made in the force by the Mayor and Commissioner Woods. As usual, the latter has been talking not at all and working every minute. When the time came for men to lose their heads, if they were to lose them at all, and there was some talk of calling out the militia, Commissioner Woods simply announced that he was ready for any crisis, and did not need any soldiers. More than that, the battle for order was won right at the start because of the promptness with which the dispositions were made and the precautions taken. The value of this clearly appears from the amusing complaint of a labor leader that Commissioner Woods did not play fair because he put on so many guards *before* the necessity had arisen! Not a single case of undue roughness or clubbing has been charged against the police. But there has been more than sufficient lawlessness to make it perfectly plain that if there had been any weakening in the City Hall, any lack of backbone in dealing with the situation, the agitators would have done their utmost to win the strike by force. There was one night when matters seemed almost critical, yet no one in authority gave a thought to the labor vote, as no one had cared a rap how the corporations concerned and their friends in Wall Street might feel about the city's policy.

It may be a reflection upon American government that we should have to dwell upon this and to contrast it with Mr. Wilson's handling of his labor problem, but it is so unusual that the city may well congratuate itself upon its Executive. Mr. Mitchel has grown not a little in office. He has manifested courage of a high type on more than one occasion, notably in opposing his co-religionists in the matter of the relation of the city to the charitable institutions. But no service he has performed surpasses in value the one he has just rendered, and this will remain true whether the strike comes to an end or takes on new life and vigor. It is a tremendous satisfaction, when one recalls the old type of Tammany misgovernment and thinks what it would have done in such an emergency, to feel that the city administration is in safe and courageous hands. We believe that New York will know how to express its gratitude for this fidelity to its highest trust, and will make plain its appreciation of a Mayor who in an emergency does not make stump speeches, or pander to the crowd, or take counsel of his fear.

GREECE FALLS INTO LINE.

For weeks the step which King Constantine seems about to take has been inevitable. This was admitted by Berlin the other day when it resorted to the extraordinary measure of taking prisoner an entire Greek corps in eastern Macedonia and transporting it to Germany for "friendly" internment. It was the swift initial punishment which Germany metes out to every new enemy. Rumania paid with the loss of the fort of Turtukai and 25,000 men for her proclamation of war. Greece has paid with about the same number of men, and in advance. The German stroke at Drama was an anticipation and a challenge. National pride in Greece was bound to boil over at the humiliation. What Germany wanted was an end of the suspense, and she has attained her object. Greece will come into the war under circumstances different from those attending the entrance of Bulgaria and Rumania and closely resembling conditions in Italy a year ago last May. In Bulgaria and Rumania the final decision was made by the Government. In Italy and now in Greece the decision was left to popular sentiment. Just as Italy declared war only against Austria, Greece will technically declare war only against Bulgaria. But what we need not expect is the half-hearted way in which Italy carried on her earlier campaign. Italy learned after a time that it was a very grim business she had undertaken, and that there was no room for the play of politics. King Constantine will profit by the example.

With a population of a little less than five millions, or exactly the same as that of Bulgaria, it is estimated that Greece will bring to the side of the Allies a minimum strength of 200,000 men, with a potential increase to 300,000. The number would be larger if eastern Macedonia were not occupied by the Bulgarians, and but for the loss of the garrisons in that region, including about 400 officers. Nevertheless, Greece does mean ten more divisions thrown at once against the Bulgarian flanks. The account in the Balkans would then stand about 700,000 men for the Central Powers—350,000 Bulgars, 200,000 Turks, and 150,000 Austro-Germans—as a maximum. On the Allied side there would be 200,000 Russo-Rumanians in the Dobrudja, 200,000 Greeks, and the Salonica army, which has been rated as high as 600,000, and which may be half a million strong. This would make the Allies as 9 to 7 in the Balkans, with Greece capable of greater efforts and indefinite reinforcements from Russia. But a clearer way of estimating the effect of Greek aid would be to judge what the result would be of throwing as much as 100,000 fresh troops against the Bulgar flank south of Monastir, which is hard pressed as it is. If the Greek army acts as a unit, it means the addition of 200,000 men for the reconquest of Servia and the cutting of the famous German corridor to Asia.

But the Greek army is not the only increase of strength which the Allies will receive. With that country openly on their side will come that sense of security for the army at Salonica lack of which has undoubtedly hampered the full development of its operations. Espionage at Athens and Salonica will be greatly reduced and the facilities for Austro-German submarine warfare in the eastern Mediterranean, which have been curtailed of late, will disappear so far as the resources of Greek harbors and islands are concerned. The moral effect in Germany of a thickening ring of enemies may be counted upon, though the consequences may not immediately be visible. Broader prospects open up in the Balkan peninsula itself. It is Venizelos, the creator of the Balkan League, who is bringing Greece into war. It may be that the man's genius for statesmanship will yet be equal to persuading Bulgaria to a change of sides, a step which would carry such revolutionary consequences, and be of such immense profit to the Allies, that the latter might well agree to forgive and forget.

THE UNIVERSITY'S PLACE IN THE WORLD.

Professor Seligman's address at the opening of Columbia University was, to use his own words, an attempt "to portray the char-

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acter of the Real University." To acknowledge, as Professor Seligman does in two passages of the address, that the distinctive quality, or function, or spirit, of the university is something that is "elusive" is in itself a real aid to the cause of right thinking on this subject. Many gross errors would be avoided if it were generally recognized that there is something about a university, at once subtle and precious, which cannot be set down in any ordinary formula. When people talk, for example, of the only justification of a university being "service," they either mean something which is true of every form of human activity and is too vague to throw light upon the questions peculiar to any, or they mean something which every one who really understands what universities are and what they accomplish knows to be false. And again when, without stopping to consider the question of what the function of a university is, certain persons filled with enthusiasm for "scientific management" eagerly advocated the application of factory methods to universities, they rushed into this crude error for want of any suspicion that there is anything at all "elusive" about the spirit of the institution they were undertaking to reform.

It is not, then, as a mere instrument for the achievement of certain concrete and more or less measurable results that the university is to be regarded——or is regarded by those conversant with the part that it has played in the history of human society. The three great ends which it is specifically organized to serve—the diffusion of knowledge, the provision of professional training, and the promotion of research—can, as Professor Seligman insists, be served, and actually are served, by other agencies which, however efficacious, are evidently incapable of giving to the world something that the universities give, which, though hard to define, is an invaluable part of the higher resources of mankind. "The three great social institutions," says Professor Seligman, "that have been developed by mankind in the attempt to achieve the harmony of life are the state, the church, and the university"; and from this standpoint he finds the distinctive contribution of the university to lie in "the endeavor to promote and to impart intellectual freedom." This idea of the central quality of a true university is essentially sound; and, so far from furnishing a mere high-sounding catchword, its acceptance carries with it practical conclusions of the greatest importance.

Foremost of these we should place the effect it necessarily has on the question of the "academic freedom" of university professors. Many look upon this notion as a fanciful one, a sort of frill or fad, related only remotely to the main workings of the university. The truth is that the recognition or non-recognition of the doctrine of academic freedom makes a vital difference in the entire spirit of the institution. It is not only by the one professor who is likely to be attacked, or by the one department, or class of departments, in which the issue is likely to be raised, that the blighting influence of the denial of freedom is felt. The moment the thing happens, and is allowed to go without effective protest, a subtle change permeates the whole body; a lowering of tone, a sense that some virtue has gone out of it. And nothing is of more hopeful augury for the future of American universities than the remarkable manifestations of instinctive and thoroughgoing appreciation of this fact which have been presented on various occasions in recent years. The way in which the University of Pennsylvania rose to the occasion in the Nearing case, especially the action of the trustees in courageously recasting the whole system of professorial tenure so as to make such an incident impossible in the future, may be looked upon as a veritable landmark in the history of academic freedom in America.

By no means identical with this, but closely related to it, is the question of university organization. On this subject Professor Seligman's comments are outspoken, and yet properly conservative. One passage, relating to the trustees, conveys so much of the sound doctrine that has recently been making gratifying headway in our universities, but is still too little understood by the general public, that it is well worth quoting:

> We must not forget that the trustees of the American universities are for the most part intelligent and hard-working supporters of the institution, whose devotion in many ways lightens the deliberative duties of the instructors. But if the trustees of what was formerly the small college are to remain in charge of the great university, they, like the president, like the faculties, like the students, must learn, as they are fast learning, to represent the true university ideal. They must learn that the professors are not employees, that academic freedom must be unrestricted, that academic tenure must be permanent, and that in the rare cases when it may seem necessary to scrutinize the utterances or the actions of an instructor, not they but his colleagues, within and perhaps without the particular university, form the only proper and safe body of investigation. . . . They must learn to welcome the unofficial, nay even, as not a few institutions are now doing, the official and formal coöperation of faculty representatives in every question of university policy.

All of this is rapidly advancing to the status of accepted doctrine in American university circles, and is becoming more or less familiar to the intelligent public. Yet only a few years ago much of it would have been regarded as not only strange and novel, but visionary. But the progress has not been sudden or accidental; it has been steady and solid, though gratifyingly rapid. It is not a great many years since the idea that a privately endowed university was an institution strictly subject to the personal preferences of the holders of the purse-strings was all but universal in American communities; we have travelled far since that time, though an occasional survival of that state of mind is still here and there to be found. The abandonment of that notion—and that abandonment has now long been almost complete—was the essential prerequisite for the establishment of a sound view of fundamental university questions; but this once accomplished, the university once clearly envisaged as a great public institution, the rest was bound to follow sooner or later. That it has followed so soon is matter for hearty congratulation and just pride, for it is a most encouraging sign of the higher potentialities of our country.

ON THE FLOOR OF HIS LIBRARY.

Where, among the books of the day, shall one find escape from the shadow of the great war? Only in the detective story. The poetry of the hour is war poetry. The novels are about either heroes or spies. The serious books are hopeless. Try to get as far away as you can imagine from the guns and the trenches, and they follow you. Pick up a book about Sumerian origins in Babylonia, and the author points out the ancient site of Kut-el-Amara. Take up a postgraduate thesis on the Coleoptera, and the first authority mentioned is a German. Turn to the Antarctic, and a footnote informs you concerning Lieut. Jones, second in command on the dash for the Pole, "fell in battle at Mons." Literature will never be the same, except the tale of crime and mystery. There you find complete and immediate relief. Nothing has changed since August, 1914; nothing has happened since. The telephone rings as before at the inspector's elbow at Scotland Yard. Sergeant Walter and Constable Smith knock at the door of the silent house and get no answer. They let themselves in with a skeleton key; they walk through the deserted rooms; they reach the library, where the blinds were drawn a fortnight ago when Sir Herbert left

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for Scotland, and there on the carpet, with his sightless eyes staring at the ceiling, lies Sir Herbert, clutching at his heart. Or else he sits crumpled up at his desk and between his shoulder-blades the curiously carved handle of an Oriental dagger.

The unhealthiest section of London is Hampstead. That suburb is to London what Montclair or Forest Hills is to New York. The guidebooks tell you that Hampstead, lying 400 feet above London town, and inhabited by the well-to-do, has the lowest death-rate in the Metropolitan area. But these are just official figures. The expert in English detective fiction knows that 95 per cent. of the mysterious homicides committed in London take place in Hampstead, just as the vast majority of baffling assassinations in American detective fiction occur on the north shore of Long Island. Very few people in Hampstead or on Long Island die a natural death. Most of the inhabitants perish on the carpet in the library with contorted features, clutching the fragment of a silk-and-muslin handkerchief in their stiffened fingers. Rarely is any one in Hampstead or Long Island struck down in the dining-room or the kitchen or the bath-room. Nearly everybody is assassinated in the library.

This is all the more odd when one considers how small a part of his time the average man spends in his library; fifteen minutes every other day, perhaps; but it is enough for the hidden hand to drive home the blow. Country-house architects would appreciably aid the cause of law and order by omitting the library from their plans. French windows are also very bad. Through them the assassin invariably steps in or steps out. Staircase landings, on the other hand, are very useful for the ultimate apprehension of the murderer. On the staircase landing there is usually a statue in a niche which he jars slightly out of place as he departs precipitately. Or there may be a suit of mail in which he catches his sleeve. This is overlooked by the people from Headquarters, but does not escape the piercing eye of the wealthy young man who lives in apartments with a valet and detects crime for a living. The house in which the crime is committed stands in its own grounds, of course. It is surrounded by shrubbery under which clues in the shape of bits of paper are frequently discovered. The soil around the house is loamy, and as it invariably rains on the night of the murder, the assassin's footprints are irretrievably lost in the muss created by the morbid crowd. Servants, one gathers, have a very easy time in Hampstead and on Long Island. They are always sent off on short holidays by their master, who is murdered in the meanwhile.

Next to the library in a house standing in its own grounds the most unhealthy place in the world is a taxicab. Such inhabitants of London as do not perish on their own library carpet are found dead in taxicabs. The only question is whether they were killed in the cab or placed there after the dreadful deed. Either procedure is feasible, because people in fiction taxicabs usually come in at one door and vanish through the other while the vehicle is in motion. This will seem wonderful to most travellers in taxicabs, who usually find one door more than they can manage. Taxicab drivers are hoarse and red-faced. They should be a prosperous class, because they are always being asked to drive from Grand Central Station to the Metropolitan Opera House by way of The Bronx. As a result, they not only come late for the opera, but when they open the door of the cab the fare usually leans back against the cushions—dead!

This alone survives the tempest of the war, and offers forgetfulness. Two thousand years from now may Sir Herbert still be found staring up at the ceiling of his library.

Foreign Correspondence

FROM THE WOMEN OF FRANCE—THE ATTITUDE TOWARDS PEACE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 16.

[In its issue of September 2, 1915, the *Nation* published for me "a few simple words" concerning War and Peace and the spirit of the French women welcoming home their sons and husbands—soldiers of the front—on their first leave. The words were from Madame de Witt Schlumberger, granddaughter of Guizot, historian of Civilization and daughter of the Madame de Witt whose histories for children were once known universally. In the present crisis, it should also be noted that her husband belongs to the honorable Alsatian family which has had so large a part in the intellectual life of France since their exile. Of her own effort in this war, she allows me to say simply: "My five sons and my son-in-law have been called into active service; one is a prisoner, another is dead, and the four others are at the front."

I need not recall to this venerable lady's many friends in America her lifelong labor in the cause of Woman. STODDARD DEWEY.]

REPLY TO "AN APPEAL FROM THE WOMEN OF FRANCE."

From America (see *Nation*, August 3), an echo reaches us of a circular which seems to have been spread there on the part of "the French section of the Women's League for Permanent Peace."

It is our duty to inform Americans that this League has found no echo in France. It has gathered some fifty signatures which have no representative value.

The Appeal, of which extracts have been published in America, has become known to the French public only by indignant protests; and such an appeal, drawn up and issued by a little group, meets amongst us with nought but stupefaction mingled with anger and indignation.

How could it be otherwise? The women of France *to* whom this manifesto appeals (for there was no question in the original of the appeal *from* women of France)—the French women, I say—how could they admit sentences like this? "No nation can conquer, yet none can be conquered. If to *hold out* is to be victorious, then we must admit that, *after a year's war, all the peoples are victorious, and all appear to be invincible.*" And this other? "Is it not time to acknowledge frankly that this war, waged like no other, can terminate like no other war of bygone time? Are further long months of agony required to teach that the present war, on account of the valor of the combatants and the perfection of their weapons, *is fated to be a drawn battle?*"

Shame on those who can write and spread such words, for they have a false air of impartiality, but can only inspire hesitation and discouragement! Above all, we cannot admit that, from a truly French heart, there should issue a comparison that puts on the same footing of indifferent admiration the invaders and those who defend their country—"and all appear to be invincible."

Here we find indeed the stamp of the spirit properly neutral, whose conscience has not recognized the necessity of choosing between good and evil.

I certainly shall not give the quality of "Pacifist" to such a manifesto, for that would be to blaspheme the genuine pacifism which all women ought to profess with almost religious ardor and for which they count on being able to labor hereafter—so as to make sure of the future and avoid the continuation of a state of things barbarous and anti-civilized, which would take from them the courage to bring children into the world. In truth, why bear children if it is for their certain destruction, slaves of the militarist spirit? We wish our sons to be able to defend their country, but we wish also to prevent wars that are stirred by the spirit of pride and conquest from being able to start up anew.

Pacifism—certainly we wish it, we women of France, but in seasonable time and when it shall be possible. At present, however sorrowful it may be to say so for all women who have sons at the front, justice must follow its course—and its first and simplest manifestation is that those who have attacked should be pushed back beyond our frontiers. Their pride will not otherwise be brought low—and without this, would they understand their folly in wishing to govern the world? They believe only in might and now might must be imposed on them.

The circular says again: ". . . we rose, we scarcely knew how, from despair to resignation," and "it became our duty to resume control over ourselves."

Who expresses herself thus? Speak for yourself, but we are many who have never

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lost control over ourselves—and, as to despair, we have never known it, save perhaps for a few days at the beginning of the struggle when the unexpected aggression surprised us and all but made us perish. But those hours are long past, and "resignation" little expresses the state of our souls, filled as they are with deep and unchangeable faith in the power of Right and the ideal of Justice for which our men are fighting. Right and Justice cannot be conquered. And so we are full of confidence in the final result of the struggle, and we find more than strange the conclusions of this manifesto which has no less a pretension than to dictate the conduct of those who direct us.

We could only smile at such words if they were not presented abroad as coming from "French Women," whereas, from the beginning of the war, the acts and words of French women have been in absolute contradiction with the sentences quoted above. Did not the French Union for Women's Suffrage and the National Council of Women, which group together nearly 300 women's societies, representing more than 1,000,000 French women—did they not refuse, publicly and emphatically, to take any part in the Hague Congress of Pacifist Women?

Here is an extract from our address to that Congress; it will show well what we thought in April, 1915, and what we still think now:

"This future peace—is it the moment to speak of it? Not one of us thinks so. . . .

"Really, are you ignorant of what France expects from such future peace? She expects the deliverance of the future. . . . To prove to the world that a people's sentiment of its right multiplies tenfold the force of that people will be to prevent any return of the mad spirit of pride, the destroyer of the ideal peace and justice that has so long illumined our way.

"Till then France and the women of France wish not to speak of peace. Surely, sadness has come to many a home and in all disquiet reigns, but what are such sufferings beside the bitterness of an insufficient peace? All that such a peace could do would be to render the sufferings of no avail."

Add to this that our manifesto was published by our country's entire press, and was approved by all the organizations of women. And in all conscience, we can affirm that it represents truly the opinion of French women.

(Madame) DE WITT SCHLUMBERGER,
Présidente de l'Union Française pour le Suffrage des Femmes.

Val-Richer, September 8.

DIVIDED GREECE.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, August 25.

The people of Athens and the Greeks generally are greedy newspaper readers, but they find little comfort in their papers to-day. And with the discomforting news comes the uneasy sense of their helplessness. The court and pro-German papers, however skilfully phrased and with whatever arguments they may present, cannot disguise or attenuate the fact of the invasion of the Bulgarians nearly all along the frontier line of eastern and western Macedonia, and their occupation of Greek villages. Not only the national pride is lowered, but for those who have relatives and friends in the occupied territory there is the additional anxiety as to their safety. People are contrasting to-day the silence of the King with his denunciation three years ago, in a communication sent to the various Governments of Europe, of the Bulgarians "as monsters with human faces," and are wondering why the fact of their being the allies of the Germans should have so altered their character that they may be allowed to establish themselves in any Greek village they please, and that the Greek troops should be ordered to withdraw from their presence. "The divine right of kings" is being tried out in Greece to-day and is found wanting.

The recent dismissal of General Danglis by the King from his post of aide-de-camp has opened many people's eyes. General Danglis is one of the most esteemed men in the Greek army: he has both brains and character. He was chief of the general staff in the successful campaign against Turkey. He invented certain improvements in the Schneider gun used in the mountain artillery manufactured by the Creusot Company in France that is known as the Schneider-Danglis cannon. While professing loyalty to the King, he is a liberal in politics, and believed in the adoption of Venizelos's policy as the wisest and best to follow.

He viewed with uneasiness the recent pro-German propaganda in the army, following the demobilization, which led to the creation of the so-called Reservists' Leagues, that were to oppose the return of Venizelos and the Liberal party, and that proclaimed themselves as devoted to the person of the King and ready to oppose the exterior and interior enemies (the Liberals) of his Majesty. The King most graciously responded to all telegrams sent by these leagues. As a sample of their activities, a telegram sent by the Reservists' League of Lamia to two Deputies of the moribund Chamber may be given: "The Reservists' League of Lamia exacts that the decision as to what individuals constitute the electoral list of the district shall be made here [in the League's quarters]." The telegram is signed by the president, vice-president, and secretary of the Lamia League, and is a proof of the political immorality and impudent usurpation of authority by these leagues.

To counterbalance the action of these leagues, the men of independent mind or liberals in politics whom the demobilization returned to civil life, founded the National League of Reservists, and elected as their president General Danglis and as vice-president Rear-Admiral Ghinis.

General Danglis, in a private communication addressed to the King in January last, warned him of the disastrous results that were to be expected if the then Government's course of action was persisted in. This was not forgotten or forgiven, and his acceptance of the post of president of the National League of Reservists brought his enforced resignation as aide-de-camp, the paper devoted to the interests of the court stating that General Danglis had been removed from his functions of chief aide-de-camp on account of his political actions, which were directly injurious to the nation and indirectly to his Majesty.

Reports from Macedonia are very conflicting as to the recent advance during the last few days of the Bulgarians in eastern and western Macedonia, but much enthusiasm has been aroused by the reported defence of Serres by the small Greek garrison under Colonel Christoudoulos, contrary to orders received from Athens.

As was to be expected, a manifestation took place in front of Venizelos's house yesterday, August 24, by men representing the mercantile, professional, and workmen's associations of Athens and the Piræus. A distinct warning was given to the King by the principal speaker, who addressed Venizelos. He recalled the peaceful revolution of 1909, when the army, obedient to the general feeling in the country, demanded of King George the immediate withdrawal of the Crown Prince Constantine (the present King) and all the royal princes from their commands in the army and navy. The request not being at once granted, the whole garrison of Athens marched out that night and encamped at Gondi, outside Athens. The King then granted the requests made, and the garrison returned to the city the following day.

The principal speaker, in addressing Venizelos yesterday, said: "As the representative committees of the people of Athens and the Piræus, we met a few days ago to consider the most suitable manner of celebrating the 15th August [our 28th August], the anniversary of the revolution of 1909. As the people then rose to protest, so to-day it is our duty to protest. We know that the actual situation is infinitely worse than in 1909, and that the dangers that the country is exposed to are much greater. The old political corruption with which we had unhappily grown familiar has again become predominant at the expense of the general interest of the public. But the attacks on the popular sovereignty on which the constitution is founded and the deviation from the constitutional régime are new features to deplore. And beyond these evils a foreign policy has been adopted that has left us in tragic isolation, deprived of our natural friends, and at the mercy of our hereditary enemies. And what has hitherto been unheard of, we have had to endure a foreign propaganda, organized not by strangers alone, but by officials, administrative, military, and even ecclesiastic, whose object was to paralyze the soul of Greece. As in 1909 we wished to protest against the situation forced upon us, but we are too late; the immense misfortunes that we would have prevented have already fallen upon us. The Bulgarians are in Macedonia that was ours by the best blood of our children. The grief of the national soul cannot be expressed, and greatest loss of all, our honor is gone. What are we to do? We can no longer think of celebrating anniversaries, we come to you for help. Guide us. As in 1910, when we placed the fate of the Greek people in your hands, and you led us with wise foresight into paths of glory we had not yet known, so to-day in you we find our refuge. You cannot remain satisfied in having doubled Greece in territory—now that it is in danger—and in having forewarned us of the very misfortunes that are now upon us by neglecting the path you pointed out. You cannot remain indifferent when the Greek people again calls you."

To which address Venizelos replied: "Truly the national soul is torn by accumulated grief when we see eastern and western Macedonia lost to us, that had been won by a brilliant and glorious struggle. The blow fallen is so heavy that I cannot readjust myself, and I cannot now answer your poignant question

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what must be done to avoid imminent and final disaster. But since, owing to foreign intervention [the Allies' note of 21st June] our liberties have been returned to us, let us use them in convoking a great meeting to manifest in lawful manner our agony and indignation against the fashion in which our country has been led and is still being led to-day, so that those who are responsible may measure in some degree the true feelings of the people and no longer be deceived. Let us cry aloud that the Greek nation that they have tried to reduce to a condition of impotence is not dead and will not die."

Arrangements were made for a monster meeting on the following Sunday, August 27.

The Liberal papers have been comparing the two dates, August 10, 1913, and August 10, 1916. On the first date the treaty of Bucharest was signed, which meant the doubling of Greece in population and territory under Venizelos's leadership. Three years later, after seventeen months of unconstitutional government, the country is wondering with some fear whether she will be finally able to preserve what that treaty gave her. Had she joined the Allies at the beginning of the war, when enthusiasm was at its height and the army keen and newly mobilized, she would not be mourning to-day a broken pledge to Servia, her loss of honor, and still the enemy within her gates. The danger she would have incurred was doubtless great, but the recompense and the honor immeasurably greater. Cyprus would have been hers, and a greater Greece in Asia Minor, where those of her own blood were waiting and hoping in vain. Besides the political and military advantages there were the economic ones. Greece would have been able to import freely according to her requirements from the Allied countries, and the rest of the world outside the enemy's territory, and not as to-day, where she is painfully rationed by the Allies with only the immediate and absolute necessaries of life. The Greek merchant fleet, freed of all the constantly recurring delays and obstacles placed in its way—not to speak of the various blockades endured—would have benefited to a vast extent by the greatly increased carrying trade. No work of enemy submarines could have diminished that benefit to any appreciable extent. Freedom of commerce would have kept prices within the reasonable limits that exist in the other Entente countries, and would have prevented the abnormal cost of living that exists to-day. Now, deprived of the first materials, manufactures are at a standstill, and poverty and want are everywhere in the land.

The news is just confirmed, as I conclude this letter, of the resistance made by the Greek garrison at Serres, which held the town against the Bulgarians till the arrival of the Allied troops sent by General Sarrail. The conduct of the garrison is a striking proof of the real feeling in the army. While giving voice to their pride in that conduct, the papers that reflect true Greek feeling express their grief at the lost opportunities, and the misuse of such splendid material as the army offered on its mobilization. Paralyzed and wrenched from its career by the chief command in Athens, its demobilization had to be insisted on by the Allies, who had so eagerly sought its coöperation in the beginning. But the small remnant of what remains is proving against superior orders the honor and manhood of the Greek army.

Notes from the Capital

JOHN BURROUGHS.

It would have been a treat indeed to get close enough to the recent Adirondack party of notables to do a little eavesdropping, and discover what common interests so oddly assorted a trio as John Burroughs, Henry Ford, and Thomas Edison could find as food for conversation. From what I have seen of all three men, I suspect that most of the talking was done by Burroughs, while Edison, in spite of his deafness, and Ford, in spite of his restlessness, made an exemplary audience. Not that Burroughs is garrulous in any sense; but he is so well worth listening to when he does open his lips that you could hardly place him where every one else in his neighborhood would not turn to him for mental refreshment.

How hard it is to think of Burroughs, the prophet and expounder of the out-of-door life, as a professional accountant, cooped up between bare office walls with his nose deep in a ledger! Yet that is the way he started life. Though most of his contemporaries are gone, there are still a few veteran civil servants in Washington who can recall him as one of the clerks of the Controller of the Currency, and later travelling from town to town as a national bank examiner. In his Washington days Walt Whitman, also in Government employ, was his boon companion, and used to have a standing invitation to take Sunday morning breakfast with him, for Mrs. Burroughs knew how to make a certain toothsome dish of which Whitman was especially fond. With the usual indifference of the artistic soul towards commonplace things, Whitman never seemed to have any conception of the uses of a clock, and, though often reminded of the breakfast hour of his hosts, was accustomed to come strolling in at almost any other, appropriately hungry, but apparently quite oblivious of the fact that the best of fresh-cooked viands do not improve by waiting.

Even in that era Burroughs was an author, and well known. Besides his "Notes on Walt Whitman," his "Wake Robin," which he loves best of all his products, was turned off in the odd hours when his Treasury duties did not crowd him too severely. In fact it has never made much difference to Burroughs where he was, or how circumstanced; he has gone ahead and done what he felt like doing, and, if his bent for the moment was towards composition, he has picked up his pad and fallen to. It is one of his idiosyncrasies as an author that he does not deliberately arrange his stationery on a desk and draw up a chair with the purpose of evolving something for print, but jots down his thoughts as they enter his mind, anywhere, at any time, and in any form in which they present themselves. Then, when he gets ready and feels just like it, he revises his jottings with a more critical eye. If they happen to have flowed into the literary shape already, so much the better; if not, he decides what can be done with them, if anything, and does it; those that are hopeless he throws away. The only external conditions that appear to affect him noticeably are the seasons of the year: in summer he does little serious work indoors; but on the arrival of autumn with its bracing airs he is apt to feel an impulse to write, and when he yields to it we hear of a new book forthcoming from his pen.

That the lack of routine in his life agrees with him is pretty well attested by the fact that he is a fine, rugged, happy man, alert of mind and youthful of spirit, within a few months of his eightieth birthday. He doubtless takes the same course with trouble that he once said he did with scenery. Long ago, when some one expressed surprise that so ardent a nature-lover, with a great expanse of country in which to choose a site, should be willing to build his rustic home on the edge of a picturesque marsh instead of on a mountain peak with a panoramic view, he explained that the view was always there when he wished to look at it at the cost of a little climbing; but that, for an outlook to live with all the time, he preferred something less all-overish. And more people, probably, have fallen under the influence of that idea than he will ever suspect.

TATTLER.

Correspondence

RELIEF FOR UNFORTUNATES IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I enclose herewith a check to your order for $100.00. Will you have the kindness to present it to that fund for the relief of the unfortunates in France which in your judgment is most worthy of support?

W. A. Grubb.

San Francisco, Cal., September 15.

[We are happy to acknowledge the generous act of our correspondent, and to say that we have selected as the beneficiary of his offering the Committee for Men Blinded in Battle, both because of the noble work carried on in France by that organization and because its guiding spirit is an American—Miss Winifred Holt, whose success with the blind in this country and now in France is so generally known and appreciated.—Ed. The Nation.]

MR. HUGHES'S DISAPPOINTING CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was surprised to read in your comment on the speechmaking tour of Hughes that the orator had "concentrated" on the spoils politics of Wilson. Perhaps the word "concentrated" might stand, if it were applied to Wilson direct, but, as every thought, word, and act of Wilson is condemned, I should say that Hughes is about as scattering and as discriminating as a hailstorm in his concentration. His talk on foreign affairs has been that of a very cheap politician. What does he mean by it? Would he have made war on Germany and Mexico? What is his policy of preparedness? How is he going to stop legislative log-rolling? His speeches are far beneath his reputation, both as Governor and as Justice. Their tone is that of the brainless partisan newspaper that keeps up an unceasing caterwauling against the Administration and that keeps repeating Mexico and the tariff and the degradation of the American name by which Mr. Hughes is so dreadfully humiliated,

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because this is the only way to divert the attention of voters from the exceedingly large and in many respects valuable legislative programme that has been carried through during Wilson's term.

I know that it is easy to assume to speak for others, but I can say with certainty that Mr. Hughes's style has not commended him to many persons of his own party in this vicinity. There is a feeling that he could have achieved his purpose as a partisan critic much better without wearisome diatribes against the President of the United States, and affected horror over things that do not horrify him at all. There are evidences that he has been undergoing a rapid deterioration since he first heard the buzzing of the Presidential bee.

SHELDON P. PATTERSON.

Saratoga, Cal., September 20.

A SOUTHERN PROFESSOR ON LYNCHING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article by Mr. Herbert L. Stewart in your issue of August 24, entitled "The Casuistry of Lynch Law," seriously misrepresents the Southern attitude towards lynching. In his introductory paragraphs Mr. Stewart takes as representative of Southern opinion remarks heard by him in railway cars and hotel lobbies. The tone of the persons whose conversation he reports is such as to suggest that Mr. Stewart was extremely unfortunate in the chance acquaintances he made during his Southern travels. Allow me to quote: "As a sort of climax to the discussion, it often happens that one of the party, who has been regaling the rest with risqué anecdotes, and boasting of his own sensualities, will spring to his feet and swear by his Maker that if he ever catches a black man who has dared to be unchaste, he will flay him alive with his own righteous hand." Are *Nation* readers willing to believe such a person a proper spokesman of Southern opinion?

Mr. Stewart has grossly failed to report to the country the true feeling of the South about lynching. He ignores the fact that the press of the South for many years has been as outspoken as the press of the North on this subject. He is unaware of the fact that there is practically complete unanimity among all educated persons, not merely in deploring, but in openly denouncing, lynching. Editors, preachers, lawyers, teachers, indeed, all the professional classes, and all business men of consequence are as sincerely outraged when a lynching occurs as are the people of the North. I know of no educated persons in the South who condone lynching. Far from having grasped this truth, Mr. Stewart would leave the country with the idea that a sort of philosophical system has been developed among us to justify mob violence. To his mind lynching is a cold-blooded matter of policy to keep the negro down. Any one relying solely on Mr. Stewart would expect to find in our State universities chairs of comparative lynchology, sustained by Legislatures quick to respond to public needs, for the purpose of working out new modes of torture; the material for laboratory experimentation supplied by the county chain gangs, and, mayhap, extension lecturers carrying the gospel of new methods to a grateful people in remote rural communities, where the uncultivated imagination of the citizenry has never been able to hit upon anything more original than hanging.

Mr. Stewart falls into another error when he states that Southerners pretend "that the prevention of rape is the genuine and sole purpose of lynching." This statement amounts to a libel on the intelligence of Southern people. We know and admit that rape is rarely the cause of lynching. We have long since progressed beyond the original excuse. Lynching may occur on any occasion in which a negro attacks the honor, life, property, or pride of a white person. Still, Mr. Stewart must set up his man of straw, so that he may valiantly beat him down by reciting facts familiar to everybody.

Another lament raised by Mr. Stewart is that Southerners are resentful of criticism in connection with lynching. The impatience of the Southerner (and I speak here as throughout this letter of the educated portion of the population) arises in part from the fact that he is tired of mere denunciation and abuse. He is well acquainted with outside views on the subject; he is prepared to admit that the criticisms are generally justified by the facts; but it irritates him to see his section's shortcoming held up in constant reiteration to the scorn of the world. The common man of the type that engages in lynching is wholly unconscious of utterances in the *Nation,* or any other high-grade organ of opinion. He has never even heard of the *Nation.* The clarion tones of that doughty champion of national righteousness fall on the ears of only the suffering few who need no call to repentance. And to this minority, the intellectual leaders of the South, such diatribes as that of Mr. Stewart seem to get nowhere. They never contain any suggestions that will help us. We would like our Northern brethren to tell us how to stop lynching. We would like to know what you would do about it if you were citizens of the South. Thoughtless critics, emanating heat rather than light, seem strangely unaware of the magnitude of the race problem, and to give us insufficient credit for our efforts to cure the social ailments resulting from the situation. This brings me to a second cause of resentment of outside criticism.

Writers of the sort here under discussion quite frequently appear to think that every negro charged with crime is lynched. The truth, of course, is far otherwise. Thousands of crimes are committed every year by negroes against the life and property of the whites. In more than 99 per cent. of the cases the law takes its regular course, and the public at large hears nothing of the matter. The presence of thousands of negroes in the chain gangs and the frequent legal executions testify to the truth of this statement. At intervals gusts of popular passion sweep over communities visited by crime, and a lynching occurs. The educated South then bows her head in shame, and the press raises a chorus of protest. No excuse is attempted. But I should like to register this opinion as a man born and reared in the heart of the black belt: When I consider the social conditions in that region, I wonder that instances of mob violence are so few, and praise Allah that we are a people who generally manage to restrain our barbarous impulses.

Yet another explanation of Southern resentment of criticism is to be found in this circumstance. The informed among us, while not disposed to make excuses for lynching or for any other of the ills from which we suffer, illiteracy, child labor, general backwardness in progressive legislation, or what not, yet feel that the count is not entirely against the South. Crimes attendant upon commercialized vice, the crime of white slavery, crimes resulting from industrial disputes, crimes committed by organized gangs of thugs and assassins, such *mala in se* as the shameful exploitation of unskilled labor, sweatshop industry, the dominance of municipal government by the organized forces of evil—all the maladjustments, in short, characteristic of a highly developed, densely settled, industrial society—are ills from which the South has largely escaped, simply because our section has not as yet developed conditions favorable to them. These cancerous running sores on the body politic, any one of which is as serious as the Southern crime of lynching, sometimes seem to us of the South not to receive in responsible Northern newspapers and periodicals anything like the emphasis that is given to our peculiar form of social malady; and we cannot help wondering if the Northern record on lynching would be any better than is ours were the conditions reversed. When I read the report of the Chicago Vice Commission one day and on the next an intemperate attack on the South in the *Tribune;* when I read William Dean Howells's description of slum life in New York, in "Experiences and Impressions," and then such an article as Mr. Stewart's, I am accustomed to marvel at my kind. With what wonderful facility do men see the mote in their neighbor's eye despite the hindrance of the beam in their own!

But enough of the *tu quoque* argument. Like Mr. Stewart's article, it gets nowhere. Is it possible wholly to eradicate lynching? What are we doing to stop the evil? Personally, I fear I shall not live to see the day when there will be no mob violence in the South. But to what instance can the historian point in which two dissimilar races in close proximity have got along with less of friction than the whites and blacks in the South? After a thousand years the Anglo-Saxons and Celts in the United Kingdom have not yet worked out a satisfactory adjustment of their difficulties; the English are reported to bear very hardly on the natives of South Africa; the negroes are fortunate in not being Jews in Russia or Armenians in Turkey; the treatment accorded the Indians by the American people as a whole is a shameful chapter in our history. I have even seen published advice from negro leaders warning their fellows not to migrate to the Northern States, on the ground that racial hostility there is so great that opportunity to work is denied. No, so long as the negro is with us there will be race friction, and, no doubt, for a long time outbreaks of violence. We hope even in Georgia, however, to reduce the crime, and several expedients have been adopted.

First among these is our educational policy. Georgia is committed to the education of her masses, white and black. We believe that ultimately education is the only solution of the question, though our confidence in the beneficent effects of education has been somewhat shakened by the recrudescence of barbarism among the warring peoples of Europe. Georgia appropriates nearly $3,000,000 annually for common schools, more than half of her total revenue, and, though our schools are still poor, due to the failure of communities to supplement the State fund by local taxation, we hope in time to elevate the masses a few inches, and perhaps inculcate a better attitude towards the enforcement of law. The last Legislature enacted a compulsory education law, an inadequate law, it is true, but the principle is established, and amendment should not prove difficult.

Secondly, we have destroyed the saloon.

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State-wide prohibition of all forms of alcoholic drink would not have been adopted but for the connection between negro criminality and drink.

In the third place, the Legislature this year gave consideration to a proposal to empower the Governor to remove from office any sheriff in whose jurisdiction a lynching occurs. This bill, after its passage by the Senate, was killed in the House, though urgently demanded by the enlightened sentiment of the State. Its failure simply reflects the inability of the best thought of the State to control the suffrages of the masses, a situation to which the people of the North are not strangers. It is believed that next year such a law will be passed.

The eradication of lynching is not to be a matter of a few years. It is a malady the causes of which lie deep in human nature. Of one thing, however, the world should be assured: all the forces of enlightenment in the South are banded together to the end that the stigma shall ultimately be removed from our midst. R. P. BROOKS.

Athens, Ga., August 29.

[While we agree with most of Professor Brooks's contentions, we emphatically cannot with the last sentence. Waco, Texas, is the seat of Baylor University. Not a single teacher, or preacher, or newspaper, or public official has spoken out against the mob which publicly burned a convicted negro there. We have yet, at this distance, to see a single sign that Waco has a conscience or that anybody has banded together there to remove the stigma of that atrocious crime. It is precisely because the "forces of enlightenment" are so little vocal in the South that there is so little headway against lynching. The conviction of a few lynchers in Waco and their punishment would do more to stop the evil than anything we can readily think of. When lynchers go unpunished, as in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, the evil flourishes. As for the Northern criticism of lynching, we wish it were a thousand times more intense, of lynchings both North and South.—ED. THE NATION.]

DIRECT TESTIMONY ON THE SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a pendant to Professor More's article on "Education and the Melting-Pot" in your issue of September 7, I proffer the following first-hand information from a youth rapidly approaching his seventh birthday: "In school you don't have to understand; you just read it out." R. J. D.

New York, September 18.

AN HISTORICAL ANALOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The wars of Louis XIV offer many analogies with the present European conflict. Particularly striking is the following sentence from La Bruyère's "Discours à l'Académie Française" (June 15, 1693): "S'il soutient cette longue guerre, n'en doutons pas, c'est pour nous donner une paix heureuse, c'est pour l'avoir à des conditions qui soient justes et qui fassent honneur à la nation, qui ôtent pour tousjours à l'ennemi l'espérance de nous troubler par de nouvelles hostilités." LEWIS F. MOTT.

Rangeley, Me., September 23.

A Bluestocking of the Restoration

By PAUL E. MORE.

PART TWO.

VI.

I have described the field in which Mrs. Behn bravely raised a lance amid the masculine champions of the day, and if she did not prove herself quite the equal of her greater adversaries, she at least won no dishonorable place in the lists. Occasionally she shows the working of another spirit, as if a breath from an earlier world blew across the stage. There is, for example, a scene in "A Night's Intrigue" (IV, i) which is almost poetry and deserves a moment's special attention. Briefly the situation is this: Fillamour is in love with Marcella, who, being contracted to another man, has escaped to Rome disguised as a courtesan. Fillamour, with his less scrupulous friend Galliard, is discovered in her chamber, and we have a pretty play of cross purposes, the lady making trial of his constancy under the protection of her disguise, and Fillamour being troubled by her resemblance to her real self:

Fil. Hah! the fair enchantress.
[*Enter Mar., richly and loosely dressed.*
Mar. What, on your guard, my lovely cavalier? Lies there a danger
In this face and eyes, that needs that rough resistance?—
Hide, hide that mark of anger from my sight,
And if thou wouldst be absolute conqueror here,
Put on soft looks, with eyes all languishing,
Words tender, gentle sighs, and kind desires.
Gal. Death! with what unconcern he hears all this.—
Art thou possessed? Pox, why dost not answer her?
Mar. (*Aside*) I hope he will not yield. He stands unmoved.
Surely I was mistaken in this face,
And I believe in charms that have no power.
Gal. (*Aside*) 'Sdeath, thou deservest not such a noble creature;
I'll have 'em both myself.
Fil. (*Pausingly*) Yes, thou hast wondrous power,
And I have felt it long.
Mar. How!
Fil. I've often seen that face—but 'twas in dreams—
And sleeping loved extremely,
And waking, sighed to find it but a dream!
The lovely fantom vanished with my slumbers,
But left a strong Idea on my heart
Of what I find in perfect beauty here,—
But with this difference, she was virtuous, too.
Mar. What silly she was that?
Fil. She whom I dreamed I loved.
Mar. You only dreamt that she was virtuous, too;
Virtue itself's a dream of so slight force,
The very fluttering of Love's wings destroys it;
Ambition, or the meaner hope of interest, wakes it to nothing;
In men a feeble beauty shakes the dull slumber off.

The whole scene is such as we might expect to find in a play of Fletcher's, and I doubt if there is anything better in Mrs. Behn's works; but how tame the language is in comparison with her predecessor's, how the pulse of emotion and the poetry—save in the closing denial of virtue—have gone out of it! That, in a word, is the mark of her hand throughout. When, as is more commonly the case, she abides within the prescribed circle of the Restoration convention, she will display endless cleverness in varying her combinations of the given material, her scenes will be full of bustle, but somehow the creative spark is missing, and her audacity fails to surprise. All the proper elements are here: the broad stream of ridicule flows over the pretenders to virtue and wit and the hypocrites of vice; the ethos is true to the norm of a society where "wisdom is but good success in things, and those that fail are fools"; the action is duly confined to the "damnable work this same womankind makes in a nation of fools that are lovers"—she plays the game with zest and cunning, but we soon learn that she has no trump cards in her hand.

Perhaps the most curious proof of her complete subjugation to the material she worked in is the fact that through all her plays you will scarcely find a scene or a sentence indicative of her sex. When speaking for herself she has no such reticence, nor does she try to conceal her resentment for what she regarded as an unjust discrimination against the female wit. "I printed this play," she says in one of her introductions, "with all the impatient haste one ought to do, who would be vindicated from the most unjust and silly aspersion woman could invent to cast on woman, and which only my being a woman has procured me, *That it was bawdy*, the least and most excusable fault in the men writers, to whose plays they all crowd, as if they came to no other end than to hear what they condemn in this. . . . The play had no other misfortune but that of coming out for a woman; had it been owned by a man, though the most dull, unthinking, rascally scribbler in town, it had been a most admirable play." So she complains, honestly enough, I dare say; yet in this very comedy, as in her others, there is not a word to indicate the slightest resentment against the conventional relation of the sexes as it was used by a Congreve or a Wycherley: to her as to them love, or lust, is a kind of hurdle race in which marriage is the chief barrier, and woman is merely the toy of man's pleasure. Nor is there a breath of difference in her sense of decency, unless, possibly, she is a little more unconscious of what is indecent. In the same introduction in which she complains of the wrong done the woman writer, she protests that her play contains nothing "that the most innocent virgin can have cause to blush at," and then, in the fourth act, she prints a shameless scene showing how "a man ought to love with good substantial passion." I doubt if her defence was hypocritical; it seems rather to be an

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illustration of a woman's inability to stand outside of herself and make a distinction between heart and brain.

Mrs. Behn's tragedy, "Abdelazer, or The Moor's Revenge," we may pass over with a word: it exhibits the worst faults of the *genre* as it was handled by Fletcher, a turmoil of gross passions set free from the laws of character, but without Fletcher's power of expression. Her romantic drama, "The Young King," is in the tradition of Beaumont, but again without the *morbidezza* that enthralls us in the best of Beaumont's writing. The play is not ill-constructed, barring the loose connection of the subsidiary plot, and it has at least the advantage of decency. If we may accept her own statement that it was composed in her youth in America, we may attribute its innocence to her freedom as yet from the influences of the court.

VII.

Whatever the merits of Mrs. Behn's work for the stage, her claims to originality will rest upon her prose, which forms the fifth volume of the present collection. Most of this may be dismissed as being quite in the vein of the comedy and romantic drama of the day, but to one of the stories, her "Oroonoko," must be granted the distinction of giving currency to a new and prolific idea. Of the fantastical unreality of this performance enough has been already said: even if some of the events of her tale are based on actual occurrences in Surinam, her characterization of the slave-prince is a piece of pure romanticism; it could not have been drawn from her own observation, nor, so far as I am aware, was it borrowed from any of the contemporary narratives of genuine travel. I am inclined to regard the invention of the noble savage as a kind of happy accident, intelligible enough under the circumstances. Granted her theme, the adventures of an African prince who was kidnapped and sold into slavery, the attribution to him of the heroic virtues of an ideal humanity would follow almost by course. It was the creed of the wits that mankind as they saw it in civilized society was thoroughly vicious, yet all the while another creed, the belief in the universal goodness of Nature herself, was growing stronger and gathering converts. Out of this contrast of the literary and the deistic creeds, both rooted in the discredit of any supernatural ideal, what could be more inevitable than just such a fancy of the purity and excellence of man in his natural state, untouched by the vitiating hand of civilization? Thus the idea of the noble savage arose as a sort of halfway stage between the cynicism of the wits and the sentimentalism, or sensibility, which was finally to usurp dominion over literature. When we consider what was to be made of this idea by the political writers of the eighteenth century, we must admit that it was fruitful and dynamic, whether for good or for evil, as few other ideas of history have been. Neither is it without significance that the first clear presentation of the idea (if not the earliest, certainly the first of importance) comes to us from the hand of a woman—and from an Aphra Behn. I suspect, too, that this portrait of Oroonoko as the type of natural goodness, falling in as it did with the incoming current of thought, was more influential in preparing the way for the rise of the true novel than was Mrs. Behn's not inconsiderable skill in telling a story.

There remains only her volume of occasional verse to mention. Much of this poetry is merely a fluent adaptation from the French, and very little if any of it rises above the Restoration level of mediocrity. Perhaps the best product of her Muse, at least the piece that rings truest and touches the heart most nearly, is the ode written to her friend and, apparently, most constant lover, John Hoyle, at the time of his sickness. The last stanza, through all the conventionality of its language, is as frank as it is tender:

With pride she saw her rivals sigh and pine,
And vainly cried, The lovely youth is mine!
By all thy charms I do conjure thee, live;
By all the joys thou canst receive and give;
By each recess and shade where thou and I
  Love's secrets did unfold,
And did the dull unloving world defy,
  Whilst each the heart's fond story told—
If all these conjurations nought prevail,
Not prayers or sighs or tears avail,
But Heaven has destined we deprived must be
Of so much youth, wit, beauty, and of thee;
I will the deaf and angry Powers defy,
Curse thy decease, bless thee, and with thee
  die.

Another noteworthy piece is "On Mr. Dryden, Renegade," which Mr. Summers has resuscitated, a vigorous bit of satire, though unfair and ungenerous. It is pleasanter to turn to the last number of the collection, despite its formidable title: "A PINDARIC POEM *to the Reverend Doctor* Burnet, *on the Honour he did me of Enquiring after me and my* MUSE." It was a desperate life, this war of the wits, into which Astrea had thrust herself, hard for a man, fatal for a woman in those days; we may pity her for the evil fortune of her decline, but we must admire also the clearness of her vision and the magnanimity of her confession in these her last words, which sound like the voice of one age speaking to another:

'Tis to your pen, Great Sir, the nation owes
For all the good this mighty change has
  wrought;
'Twas that the wondrous method did dispose,
Ere the vast work was to perfection brought.
Oh, strange effect of a seraphic quill!
  That can by unperceptible degrees
Change every notion, every principle,
  To any form its great dictator please.
. . . . . .
  Tho' I the wondrous change deplore
  That makes me useless and forlorn,
  Yet I the great design adore,
  Tho' ruin'd in the universal turn.
Nor can my indigence and lost repose,
Those meagre Furies that surround me close,
  Convert my sense and reason more
To this unprecedented enterprise,
  Than that a man so great, so learn'd, so wise,
The brave achievement owns and nobly justifies.

Literature

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

History and Procedure of the House of Representatives. By De Alva Stanwood Alexander. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

No part of this book offers greater attraction to the mature reader than the chapter on Counting a Quorum, for over no difference of constitutional interpretation, perhaps, has a longer and more dramatic warfare been carried on in the House of Representatives. It broke out as far back as 1832, when John Quincy Adams, though sitting in the hall, refused as a matter of conscience to vote on an important question then before the House, and successfully resisted the efforts of his fellow-members to force his hand; it did not end till 1894, when Charles F. Crisp, as Speaker, was compelled against his will to count a quorum as the only means of getting any business transacted. Now that the practice of quorum-counting is almost as much a part of the law of the land as the existence of the House itself, it is interesting to review the lines on which the fight was made both for and against it. During one period, strange to say, its most vigorous opponents were Republicans and its best advocates Democrats. Blaine warned the Representatives that when they should clothe their Speaker with power to go behind the roll-call and assume that there was a quorum in the hall, they would "stand on the very brink of a volcano." Garfield resorted to sarcasm. "Who shall control the Speaker's seeing?" he demanded. "How do we know that he may not, for his own purposes, see forty members more than are here?" Thomas B. Reed himself, when he first entered Congress, believed that quorum-counting would be vicious in principle, and praised the patriotism of a minority who held up all proceedings by refusing to vote, because by such means the attention of the country could be called to bad measures which the majority, in a moment of partisan madness, might try to drive through. On the other hand, John Randolph Tucker, a distinguished Virginia Democrat, strongly favored a counting rule, and only motives of expediency deterred John G. Carlisle from putting one forth while he was Speaker.

Meanwhile, in the Legislatures of several States, resort had been had to quorum-counting in emergencies. Even so pronounced a Democrat as David B. Hill, while presiding over the New York Senate, counted a quorum more than a dozen years before Reed launched the innovation in the House. His argument was that, since no law prescribes a roll-call as evidence of the presence of a quorum in a legislative body, the president and clerk are bound to recognize the physical fact when within their knowledge, and to act upon it. If, for instance, a stranger should occupy a Senator's seat and respond to his name, it would be the duty of the clerk not to record that vote, and of the president not

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to allow it to be recorded; and the same reasoning, applied affirmatively, would make it their duty to note the presence of the Senator if he were there. The State courts took a hand in the controversy, rendering decisions favorable to quorum-counting in Maine, New Hampshire, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee; and when, after Reed had won his battle in the House and the McKinley Tariff bill had been passed there by a counted quorum, the question was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, that tribunal settled it apparently forever by an opinion that, as the House journal recorded the presence of a quorum, the bill had received votes enough. The wholesome moral effect of the final establishment of the rule has been evident in a better attendance on the sessions of the House ever since.

The chapter on The Making of a Law is a succinct yet comprehensive account of the means by which a bill gradually finds its way from the hand of the member who introduces it, through all the tortuous windings of formal procedure, to a place in the Federal statute book; it will prove especially enlightening to impatient citizens who marvel why so many promises made by a candidate for Congress while addressing his constituents from the stump, are tardy of fulfilment after his election. One of the searching processes through which a bill must pass is its public discussion on the floor, and the next chapter, on Debate and Debaters, presents an excellent picture of this ordeal. Among its curious features on which the newspapers continually comment is the "leave-to-print" rule. Under this the House, ostensibly to save time while granting every one a hearing, but actually as a "log-rolling" device, permits members to print speeches which they have never delivered; and not a few take unfair advantage of this courtesy to interpolate "laughter" and "applause" and even questions and answers, which have not had, and under no conditions would have had, existence in fact. Mr. Alexander charitably omits to mention in this connection the stratagems of Tom L. Johnson, Jerry Simpson, and others, whereby they contrived to insert whole volumes of propagandist literature in the *Congressional Record* as part of their "remarks," so as to bring these works, at the Government's expense, to the attention of a large public who might otherwise not have been moved to read them. But he does not hesitate to remind us that so good and great a man as John Quincy Adams—who, under the impulse of strong feeling, was apt to say things which later he might wish he had left unsaid or expressed in a different form—has confessed in his diary that, on receiving the official report of one of his speeches which was to appear in print, he "wrote almost the whole of it over again."

In legitimate debate, it is sometimes possible to stem and turn an adverse tide of sentiment on the floor by one short but well-timed speech or even a happy phrase, as when Henry L. Dawes shrewdly sprang upon the House his plea for a "free breakfast table," and thus switched to a side-track a revenue measure which threatened serious damage to sundry New England industries. Garfield, after a Democratic minority had by long obstruction made it impossible for the majority to pass the regular appropriation bills, suddenly threw out a thirty-minute speech, in which he charged that the former enemies of the Government, having failed to shoot it to death, now proposed to starve it to death. The memories of the Civil War were still vivid in those days; and the unexpected twist thus given to the debate aroused the wildest excitement in the House, and so deeply stirred the country that the appropriations were passed and the session hurriedly closed. James R. Mann, of Illinois, standing on the floor as the chief champion of our legislation to secure pure food and drugs, illuminated his argument by mixing, before the very eyes of the Opposition, the chemical ingredients which he said were used to manufacture imitation whiskey, and carried his point by this actual demonstration, because no mere speech-making abstractions could successfully resist it.

The few chapters we have cited are only specimens of eighteen which constitute the book before us. They begin with the Apportionment and Qualifications of Members, showing of what material and by what means the House is made up, what changes it has undergone in the size of its membership, and the proportion thereof to the population of the country. Then follow accounts of how persons purporting to have been elected Representatives are required to prove their title, and what is done in cases of uncertainty; how the House organizes itself and chooses its officers; what powers and responsibilities go with election to the Speakership; who lead the opposing parties on the floor, and what their tactics are; the kind of privileges members enjoy, and how these are asserted; what the committees are, how they are formed, and how work is divided among them; by what course the House proceeds in impeaching a Federal officer; and so forth. It would have been hard to find an author better equipped than Mr. Alexander for the task of explaining to the American people a branch of their system of government which comes most closely into contact with their affairs and yet of which they have too commonly but a hazy understanding; for he was for fourteen years a Representative, has enjoyed the companionship of Speaker Reed and other eminent parliamentarians, and acquired his pleasant style of writing in the editorial chair of a newspaper. He is a kindly but discriminating critic, hesitating neither when the acts of a friend call for reprobation nor when fairness demands a good word for a foe, though here and there, as in his allusions to William M. Springer, of Illinois, he wastes a little too much ammunition on a moderate-sized target. He is guilty of an occasional error, like turning the middle initial of William R. Morrison into an "H," but fortunately these slips are not serious enough to call for more than passing reference.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Way of All Flesh. By Samuel Butler. With an Introduction by William Lyon Phelps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Readers who with this reissue first meet Butler's vaunted masterpiece may find double cause for a sense of its belatedness. It was begun in 1872 and, as we have it, almost finished a dozen years later. If it had been published at that time, it could hardly have failed to make a tremendous sensation. But the author, for whatever reason, withheld it, and it was not printed till after his death in 1902. Meanwhile, his mantle had descended upon a less reticent prophet, G. B. S., who in one of his prefaces has frankly owned his debt to Butler. "Erewhon" and other published work of Butler's had set the style of reckless persiflage at the expense of all established things, had started the game of paradox-hunting, which Messrs. Shaw, Chesterton, and the whole flight of skittish Britons made the fashion for a decade. All these fireworks have become rather tiresome, and we doubt if a large number of readers will be found to share Mr. Phelps's excitement over "this amazingly clever, original, brilliant, diabolical novel." Granted that in the eighties it might have disrupted households and slain a Queen: we have supped on literary horrors since then. What we find here is a harmless and mildly amusing antique. "The greater part of every family is odious," we read, and yawn leniently. To be sure—and most parents are fools, and nearly all clergymen are hypocrites, and marriage is humbug, and whatever is, is not. No matter—tell us a story, if you have one. By the test of the story, this work does not fare greatly better than most alleged novels by prophets and men of ideas. Mr. Phelps says this is "exactly in the literary form most fashionable in fiction at this moment. It is a 'life' novel—it is a biography, which, of course, means that it is very largely an autobiography." True, but the merit of such a story depends upon the skill with which the autobiographical element is fused in and subordinated to the action. We infer a large number of things about Butler himself from "The Way of All Flesh"; but his "Ernest" is rather a bore, not to say a puppet. This is more a book of protest than a book of chronicle or interpretation. It is well worth reading—as an exhibit.

The Thirteenth Commandment. By Rupert Hughes. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Hughes's new commandment forbids humanity to spend more than it earns, and his story has to do, in part, with certain persons who came very near suffering seriously through their disregard of the principle involved. Still, it must be admitted that their troubles are chiefly limited to that "mental anguish" which is so valuable an asset for litigants. And the moral of the book is by no means thrift, in the old sense of counting the pennies. Of course, one must spend money—the only thing to do is to "get busy" and earn plenty of money to spend. Our

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Daphne sports about with her betrothed Wimburn, and helps him squander what he has, in senseless ways. But she does not come to perceive that they are senseless, she is merely shocked and affronted by the discovery that she is enjoying herself at the expense of a man who cannot afford to "blow in" money at the desirable rate. And this confronts her with the burning question of the moment—how shall a woman decently live at her husband's expense? How can she regard herself as much above the harem if she hasn't "economic independence"? Daphne's own father and mother have spent their lives bickering about money, her brother has married an enchantress who wheedles or bullies him into extravagance. Daphne wakes to the fact that she is upon the same road, and sees no alternative but to go forth and win her own right to be as extravagant as she likes. So she casts off her young man, and signalizes her independence of the sex by accepting the "pull" of another young man with a theatrical manager. She fails as an actress; we thank the author for admitting that. But she will not give up her general project or go back to her Wimburn. What she does is to accept the capital of a third admirer in order to set up a lingerie shop out of which she almost at once proceeds to make a handsome thing. She is able thereby to become Mrs. Wimburn on her own terms. Mr. Hughes does not appear to have here any such firmly grasped theme as gave strength to "Clipped Wings," and the problem which he sets, such as it is, he has solved but lamely.

The Heart of Rachel. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This is as nearly a serious piece of work as Mrs. Norris is capable of—being her version of "The New York Idea." Unfortunately, the satirist has the best of the sentimental dogmatist when it comes to exposing a social fallacy like that of "painless divorce." A prophet hurling anathemas would undoubtedly better them both, but to-day the gift of inspired denunciation is unfortunately obsolete. Lacking it, we must profess our preference for the argument derisive over the argument lachrymose. Mrs. Norris argues as follows: When Rachel was young, and consequently hardhearted, she saw nothing wrong with this useful and popular institution. She availed herself of it to rid herself of an inebriate and unappreciative husband, and managed the transition from an irksome to a highly satisfactory state of matrimony without perceptible loss of social prestige. But when, after eight years of happy married life, she finds herself staying at home with the children while her misguided, though never unfaithful, spouse dines out with a pretty little protégée, and when the little protégée naïvely appeals to her not to withhold the divorce that would promote another happy union, Rachel finds the suggestion positively painful. While she prepares to follow it, nevertheless, pride and consistency forbidding a refusal, she repents her early wrong in divorcing poor Clarence.

Such, embellished with many of the same details of New York social life that furnish forth the society columns of the Sunday papers, and reinforced by a harrowing reunion (one of the children being subjected to an all but fatal accident in order to effect it) is Mrs. Norris's logic. Some readers will be unable to see how the fact that it would have been indisputably a mistake to divorce her second husband disproves the wisdom of divorcing her first. Probably it was written not to throw light on a vexed question of social ethics, but that the happy wives and mothers of the land in the intervals of perusing the monthly fashion news may shake their heads over Rachel's early heresies, luxuriate in her ensuing sorrows, and applaud the triumph of connubial bliss at the end. This being so, the lack of cogent reasoning is less perplexing than the fact that Rachel and her familiars apparently began costuming themselves in the modes of 1915 some nine or ten years ago.

REAL WAR IN FRENCH BOOKS.

Avec Charles Péguy de la Lorraine à la Marne (1914). By Victor Boudon. Preface by Maurice Barrès. Paris: Hachette.

Ma Pièce (1914). By Paul Lintier, Cannonier. Paris: Plon.

En campagne (1914-1915). By Marcel Dupont, Officer of Chasseurs. Paris: Plon.

Sous Verdun (1914). By Maurice Genevoix, Lieutenant. Preface by Ernest Lavisse. Paris: Hachette.

Journal d'un Simple Soldat (War and Captivity, 1914-1915). By Gaston Riou. Paris: Hachette.

Chez eux. By Léon Blanchin (wounded prisoner, repatriated). Paris: Delagrave.

L'Aveu (captured German letters on Battle of Verdun, with facsimiles). By Louis Madelin. Paris: Plon.

Méditations dans la tranchée. By Lieut. A. Redier. Paris: Payot.

La vie de guerre. Soldiers' letters, edited by Charles Foley. Paris: Berger-Levrault.

Lettres de prêtres aux armées. Paris: Payot.

Les Mots héroïques de la guerre. Three parts. Paris: Larousse.

Documents de la section photographique de l'armée (series). Paris: Armand Colin.

La défense de Verdun (army photographs). Text in French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Rumanian, Arabic. Paris: Le Pays de France.

Blessed are the dead in great battles,
Laid on the ground in the face of God.
. . . . . .
Blessed the dead in just war,
Blessed the ripe ears and the harvested wheat.

These were Charles Péguy's verses in his "prayer for us who are carnal," one year before the war. With him, and with many another light of poetry and prose, French literature takes its place among "the dead in great battles."

Blessed they who have died, for they return
To first clay and first earth.

With them came the *union sacrée* of all the children of this mother-earth France. Paul Déroulède sang it prophetically years before:

Strike for your Mother if you love her.

Victor Boudon, who tells the poet's life day by day through six short weeks of beginning war in which he fought beside him, was himself a man in trade. Péguy was a Catholic leader of the young, and Boudon had been secretary of Francis de Pressensé, Protestant and Socialist, in the League of the Rights of Man. This is the first object-lesson from these books of real life of the French in war. "No earthly Majesty may be compared with it," said Hobbes, speaking of the state alone; but these give life's tensest effort and life itself for their mother-country without which the state is nothing.

They are there, there, there with Earth Immortal
(Citizens, I give you friendly warning).
The things that truly last when men and times have passed
They are all in Pennsylvania this morning.

Only Pennsylvania has not had to learn in suffering and death as France has done.

Péguy still stood upright in spite of our cries "Lie down!"—a glorious madman in his bravery. Most of us no longer had our sacks, and at such a time the sack is a precious and effective shelter—and the Lieutenant's voice still cried with energy and rage "Fire, fire, in God's name."

Some complained, "We have no sacks, *mon lieutenant,* we shall all go down."

"No matter," cried Péguy in the whistling of the storm, "I have none, either, see—fire away." And he stood up as one defying shot and shell, seeming to call for the death which he glorified in his verse. That instant a fatal bullet pierced his noble forehead.

In his last letter to his wife, Charles Péguy said thoughtfully: "Don't fail to write regularly to my mother." Claude Casimir-Perier (the President's son) had to give the particulars of that last day, of which he was a part, to the mother and wife and three children. He, too—but later, when the fortunes of war had turned in favor of France—fell in battle at the head of his company.

One of the most impressive of these books of real war-life—perhaps because of its absence of literature, though its young writer had already tried his hand at book-writing—is "Ma Pièce," an artilleryman's story of his cannon day by day. It is dedicated to the memory of his captain—"whose death, with his face to the foe, tore from eyes burned by powder and watching these terrible tears of soldiers":

The Captain has been killed, a ball from a shell under the left eye.

Remember how we all said: "As for him, if anything happens to him he can count on us." When we saw him fall we ran, ten of us together, to help him. It was of no use. All was over. We brought the body back to the battery. Lieut. Hély d'Oissel took com-

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mand, and we kept on firing. He wept as he gave orders to aim.

Paul Lintier, too, just as his book was issuing from the press (March 15, 1916), was killed by a shell, fighting in Lorraine. He was twenty-three years old. Of such as these, Rémy de Gourmont, their elder, wrote from his dying bed:

Within eight passing months, eighty writers, mostly young, have been harvested. Since civilized times, no literary generation had such a destiny. . . . Generations have lived and toiled and thought obscurely for this one in whom some day they should blossom—and behold, he has fallen just as life was opening before him.

Marcel Dupont gives the note of nearly all these books in the little preface to his own, which has had editions as many as the best-selling novels of times of peace:

A simple lieutenant of Chasseurs, I cannot pretend to judge operations following each other along an immense front. I can speak only of what I have seen with my eyes in the little corner of the battlefield where my regiment was. I said to myself that, if I come out of this fearful struggle safe and sound, I should be glad some day to have these accounts of combat or bivouac.

"Sous Verdun" (not the present gigantic battle, but the fighting often no less deadly of the first three months of the war) has been praised for its literary as well as its observing qualities. Professor Lavisse tells us the author is one of his *normaliens* and had just finished a study of Maupassant: "A month later he received the baptism of fire—and what fire." He ends his book with a night of his slain lieutenant, to whose memory it is dedicated:

A sergeant seeing him walking along the trench parapet in the heaviest firing called himself a dirty do-nothing and jumped out of the trench, declaring he would stay there till daylight. With unheard-of pains and only by threatening to punish him, Lieut. Porchon induced him to go back among his men. He confided to me that he was uneasy about the lack of cartridges, and that he had asked for more from the head officer of the battalion. He added: "Continue not to fire just as long as it is not necessary." . . . Pulling himself to the top, he stood upright.

"Wait for me," I cried, "I am going with you."

He refused: "No! no! You are in your place—you must stay there."

I saw him walk off to the left, stopping again several times and seating himself to talk more easily. As soon as the men saw him, they said to each other: "It's Lieut. Porchon." So the news of his coming went before him, giving all of us confidence and calm, so that just his coming was a blessing.

When he came back he got down in the trench and squeezed himself between Boulier and me.

"*Ouf!*" he said, "it's rather ugly on our side. I believe I did right to take a turn. Half-past two and morning—time passes. Come, all will be well till daylight."

Boulier suddenly burst out:

"Ah! *mon lieutenant,* all the same what you've done isn't ordinary. The chances were you'd be hit more than they were you wouldn't. And that would have been our fault, us good-for-nothings—you can't say it would not have been our fault."

"Each one at his post," answered Porchon. "If I had been you, Boulier, I wouldn't have risked my skin as I did. Reflect, you'll understand."

Then, with that laugh of his twenty years which he had even in the tumult of battle, he tapped me on the shoulder and said: "To-day is the 5th, the day to relay us; unless I'm mistaken we'll sleep in a bed to-night. See you soon, old man, I'll turn in."

Boulier, close to me, stood up. Leaning both arms on the edge of the trench he looked at him as he went into the night. And he repeated to himself low, without stopping: "Ah! that he should do that—he—he—in God's name."

And that was all he could say.

Books are beginning to appear with notes and letters of French prisoners of the Germans. Some such prisoners have been exchanged, but not until they are quite unfit for fighting. Gaston Riou was known before the war for a book on the New France from the Protestant point of view. Since then France has had a renewal of its whole people in a way none could foresee. As a simple soldier, Gaston Riou tells the story of his life at the front and of his imprisonment. Léon Blanchin was captured when grievously wounded, and has been repatriated; he gives without passion, perhaps without prejudice, particulars of the real life of such prisoners in German hospitals and prison camps, gathered pell-mell from all the Allies—and with civilians from all the invaded territories. Of course, the legend of German prisoners in French Dahomey was always ready to justify everything. These books are notably moderate in tone—but the testimony which the Allied Governments have been collecting will give rise to negotiations in that final settlement of rights and wrongs which must precede peace.

Louis Madelin, the eminent historian of the Revolution, is now a sub-lieutenant. He has pursued his documentary studies among German letters found on the dead and prisoners concerning the battle of Verdun. They reach only to the end of April, but the check of the German attack was already being felt in Germany. These letters throw sidelights on the reality of war-life among the German soldiers also.

There is another set of war books which are not narrations of any one's part in the war, but rather personal documents from which intimate acquaintance with those who fight may be made. Such is the book made up of soldiers' letters and the special collection of priests' letters. Most if not all of the writers are dead in the war, to which many came from their life-work in other lands, business, missions, each at his post until France called him back. They were written, as life in the trenches allowed, for the comfort of those near and dear. He is not to be envied who can read some of them dry-eyed.

Even in the more general book of "meditations" in the trenches, Lieut. Redier, thinking of many things, brings home to us many a duty to which as men we shall be compelled after all that is happening. What it is to die on the field of honor—glory—workmen and peasants, youth and fathers of families, birds that sing where men are fighting, the God of armies above—and the Patrie "our country" which, like their families and the lives of their families, is the reason why Frenchmen are fighting to the death—are all passed in sober review, with the incidents that illustrate passing before you in fleeting show.

A set of little books gathers up the *mots*—things neatly, keenly said through the smiles and tears of war. For those who prefer to look, when tired with hearing, the French War Office is publishing in cheap, easy albums its most telling photographs of these scenes of humanity's struggle for life and death and resurrection.

RUSSIA'S "WILD WEST."

Through Russian Central Asia. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

Of writers of travel Stephen Graham has staked out Russia for his own, and in his latest volume has carried his readers into Russia's "wild west," which lies eastward to the borders of China. Since the conquest of Turkestan by Skobeleff, this vast territory has never been allowed to forget the power of Russia, and Mr. Graham's pilgrimage caught the tide of colonization in full spate just before the present war. In this region Russia is reproducing for Europe all the adventure and romance of pioneering that is associated with the early development of our own West, and as the mushroom towns spring up among the first luxuries of civilization is the cinema where, curiously enough, scenes of American frontier days are prime favorites with the peasant colonist and the stoical, retreating Kirghiz.

To follow this Eastern trail with a knapsack, wherever feasible on foot, is to invite hardship: Mr. Graham accepted hardship, and his record is as surprisingly free from the personal trivialities that are attendant as it is from the adventure we somehow anticipated. Throughout the conquered lands the strong arm of Russian law and order is in force among the nomadic and formerly war-like tribes. Each town redolent of history in the dissolving, mysterious East, Bokhara or Samarcand, is already robbed of its exotic flavor except where it persists in the bazaars; as is characteristic of colonial expansion in the Orient, each town has its smug and crass European quarter. The author found along the well-organized railways, through the historic cities of Chingiz Khan and Tamerlane, the unceasing tide of Russian colonization driving before it the welter of Moslem tribes, and leaving in its wake the evils of industrial exploitation and expansion.

Thus Mr. Graham embarks on an adventure that is a perpetual delight to his pe-

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culiarly mediæval and somewhat sentimental cast of mind. At Askhabad, the first great city in Turkestan, he finds the platform crowded with "Persians, Russians, Afghans, Tekintsi, Bokharese, Khivites, Turkomans—and every one had in his hand, or on his dress, or in his turban, roses. The whole long pavement was fragrant with rose odors. Gay Russian girls, all in white and in summer hats, were chattering to young officers, with whom they paraded up and down, and they had roses in their hands. Persian hawkers, with capacious baskets of pink and white roses, moved hither and thither; immense and magnificent Turkomans lounged against pillars or walked about, their bare feet stuck into the mere toe-places they call slippers—they, too, held roses in their fingers." And the curious temperamental identity here suggested between the Slav conquerors and their Asiatic subjects is to be remarked repeatedly in these vivid pages, and appears to reduce that conflict of East and West familiar to all tourists to an ethnic minimum. Chiefly, the peculiar restlessness of the Russian peasant colonizers, already a matter of concern to a paternal government, is not unlike that of the nomadic natives they are slowly dispossessing.

But the vast ethnic canvas, full of color and movement and contrasts that stretched along the author's journey through Asiatic Russia, from Baku to Semipalatinsk on the eastern border, impressively furnishes a background for the indefatigable Russian colonization. Mr. Graham gives an interesting account of this romantic scheme by which Russia is reclaiming the desert by irrigation, and pushing her positive influence to the marches of China. The government is favored, as it is later retarded, in its project by the spirit of vagabondia, noted by Mr. Graham, in these migrating Russians. Barely are the colonists settled in the raw, new lands, according to official data, when they are eager to undergo fresh hardships farther eastward. And these caravans from the west are constantly met by others from the newly settled lands of Siberia. Thus the agricultural lands of the Seven Rivers, south of Lake Balkash, are recapitulating all the ferment and romance that is already historic of our own West.

After the harvest all Russia goes a-pilgriming or adventuring. For those whose shrine is a new home, each village or group of families sends out a *khodok*, or prospector. Encouraged by the Government to travel by twos or threes, these *khodoki* visit the valleys or irrigated lands surveyed by the Government and placed at the disposal of colonists in any given period. After a short, or sometimes long, absence, the *khodoki* return; if the reports are favorable, no village can disavow the land taken in its name by the *khodok*, and immigration begins on his authority. Agriculturists are chiefly encouraged, next artisans, while only orthodox Russians are permitted to colonize. Transportation is provided at a very favorable rate: according to Mr. Graham, at something like 6,000 miles for about five dollars. In certain districts of Turkestan colonists receive money grants. Among these simple folk Mr. Graham tarried, meeting them along the hard trails invariably singing their peasant songs, while ever before their dusty caravans the clouds of nomadic, pastoral Kirghiz were being driven eastward until they would, perforce, take refuge in China.

Owing to the war, these delightful impressions are appendiced with Mr. Graham's reasons for a closer *rapprochement* between Russia and England in this debatable region. After disposing of the India-invasion myth of Victorian politics—that "Mervousness," coined on Russia's occupation of Merv in 1883—Mr. Graham's love for the picturesque East vanishes, and we find him eloquently approving the dismemberment of Persia. As an offset to her Indian ambitions he also believes that Russia is destined for Constantinople, where doubtless her presence will be of value to England—to say nothing of the Mediterranean Powers, if a post-bellum *Mittel-europa* is raised by the Teutons.

Notes

The Century Company will shortly publish "The Night Court and Other Verses," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell; "Trenching at Gallipoli," by A. John Gallishaw.

Among the October publications of Small, Maynard & Company are: "The House of Luck," by Harris Dickson; "Dr. Nick," by L. M. Steele; "The Clue of the Twisted Candle," by Edgar Wallace; "The Stranger at the Hearth," by Katharine Metcalf Roof; "Told in a French Garden, August, 1914," by Mildred Aldrich; "The Dog's Book of Verse," edited by J. Earl Clauson. This house also announces for November: "Hatchways," by Ethel Sidgwick; Rodin's "Art," "One Hundred Cartoons by Cesare," Brand Whitlock's brief biography of Lincoln, and three books on arts and crafts by George A. and Berthold Audsley.

Forthcoming publications of E. P. Dutton & Company are as follows: "The Blue China Book," by Ada Walker Camehl; "The Moose Book," by Samuel Merrill; "The Private Correspondence (1781-1821) of Lord Granville Leveson Gower (First Earl Granville)," edited by Castalia, Countess Granville; "The Voices of Song," by James W. Foley; "El Supremo," by Edward Lucas White; "The Taming of Calinga," by C. L. Carlsen; "Potential Russia," by Richard Washburn Child; "The Chorus," by Sylvia Lynd; "Sixty Years of American Life," by Everett P. Wheeler. Juveniles: "Feelings and Things," by Edna Kingsley Wallace; "The Princes of Let's Pretend," by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun; "Treasure Flower," by Ruth Gaines; "The 1916 Volume of The Little Schoolmate Series"; "Granny's Wonderful Chair," by F. Browne; "The Fairy Gold Series"; "The Story-Tellers' Hall"; "Treasure Trove"; "Coronata: A Book of Verse in Rhyme and Rhythm," all three edited by Richard Wilson.

B. W. Huebsch announces the forthcoming publication of the following: "Spirit of Modern German Literature," by Ludwig Lewisohn; "Swords of Life," by Irene Rutherford McLeod; "Maeterlinck: Poet and Mystic," by Edward Howard Griggs; "Tales of the Revolution," by M. Artzibashef; "Inviting War to America," by Allan L. Benson: "War the Creator," by Gelett Burgess; "Joseph Fels: His Life-Work," by Mary Fels; "The Marriage Game," by Anne Crawford Flexner; "Ireland: A Critical Examination," by Francis Hackett; "Thrift," by Bolton Hall; "Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann, Volume VII"; "Dubliners," by James Joyce; "Amores," "Twilight in Italy." "The Prussian Officer and Other Stories," "The Rainbow," all four by D. H. Lawrence; "Advent Songs" and "Culture and War," both by Simon N. Patten; "Young India," by Lajpat Rai; "Municipal Ownership," by Carl D. Thompson; "How to Face Life," by Stephen S. Wise.

Recent and forthcoming volumes on Scribner's list are the following: "Egotism in German Philosophy," by George Santayana; "A Political History of Japan During the Meiji Era, 1867-1912," by W. W. McLaren; "Great Victorians," by T. H. Escott; "Twenty-five Great Houses of France," by Sir Theodore Andrea Cook; "Portraits of the 'Seventies,'" by G. W. E. Russell; John Galsworthy's "A Sheaf"; Admiral Fiske's "The Navy as a Fighting Machine"; Alexander Dana Noyes's "Financial Chapters of the War"; Caroline Ticknor's "Poe's Helen"; Katharine Fullerton Gerould's "Hawaii"; Brander Matthews's "A Book About the Theatre"; Ernest Peixotto's "Our Hispanic Southwest"; "General Joffre and His Battles," by Raymond Recouly; "The Passing of the Great Race," by Madison Grant, and "Early Narratives of the Northwest," the final volume in the Original Narratives of Early American History Series. In fiction are "Enoch Crane," by F. Berkeley Smith; Edith Wharton's "Xingu and Other Stories"; "Souls Resurgent," by Marion Hamilton Carter; Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's "The Eternal Feminine"; James B. Connelly's "Head Winds"; Francis Lynde's "After the Manner of Men"; "Unfinished Portraits," by Jennette Lee. Holiday books: Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Black Arrow," illustrated in full color by N. C. Wyeth; a collection of new cartoons by Charles Dana Gibson; "The Clan of Munes," by Frederick Judd Waugh. Juveniles: "Mother Goose," illustrated by Grace Drayton; "The Banner of the White Horse," by Clarence Marsh Case; "The Strange Gray Canoe," by Paul Tomlinson; "Little Folks in Busy-Land," by Ada Van Stone Harris and Mrs. C. T. Waldo; "Nursery Tales Primer," by Hannah T. McManus and John H. Haaren, illustrated by Florence Storer, and "The Fullback," by Lawrence Perry, the first of his Fair Play series. Among the theological books are "Faith Justified by Progress," by Henry Wilkes Wright; "Is Christianity Practicable?" by William Adams Brown, and "The Mythical Interpretation of the Gospels," by the Rev. Thomas James Thorburn.

The capitalist class has for a long time been saddled with the responsibility for most of our social ills. Protective tariffs, political corruption, poverty, industrial crises, all find their root, according to the theories of many social reformers, in the capitalistic system, and by inference in the practices of members of the so-called capitalistic class. It, therefore, requires but a slight stretch of the

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imagination to add to this long list of indictments the responsibility for war, and the bill against capitalism is complete. The machinery through which capitalism effects war is simple. The trouble begins with the accumulation of vast amounts of surplus capital by the capitalists in the industrially advanced countries of the world. The search for profitable fields of investment for this surplus capital leads to fierce competition for concessions among the investors of various nations and to the exploitation of the citizens of the country which the investments are designed to develop. At first this competition is peaceful; later, however, the desire for profits and for benefits of monopoly become so keen that the aid of parent countries is invoked, and war or armed conflict between the political sponsors of foreign investors inevitably ensues. That individual investors are able so easily to procure the armed support of their governments is ascribed to the political and economic dominance to-day of the capitalistic class in the leading nations of the civilized world. This, in short, is the argument which Dr. Frederick C. Howe develops in "Why War?" (Scribner; $1.50 net). Other causes of war are, to be sure, recognized; secret diplomacy, the private ownership of munition plants, capitalistic control of the press, must bear their share of the blame. Accordingly, the road to peace is clear. "Democratize foreign affairs and end secret diplomacy," withdraw the privileges of the foreign investor, establish government ownership of munition plants, socialize war profits, and world-peace will at last become an established fact.

This theory of wars presents an incomplete, and in some respects a much exaggerated picture. An adequate evaluation of the forces described by Dr. Howe would find in the phenomenon of foreign investments strong incentives to peace as well as to war. Foreign investments constitute merely an incident in the development of foreign trade. Nor does every case of foreign investments, even when such investments are "followed by the flag," develop into an effective cause of war. Of the beneficent effects, both economic and political, of the development of foreign trade, of the value of foreign investment as an integrating factor, little is said. Indeed, implicit in the whole argument of the book is the assumption that the nations of the world must revert to an earlier state of national self-sufficiency—an outworn policy, so well described in Friedrich List's "National System of Political Economy," the adoption of which by the Teutonic states after the war is forecasted by the contemporary writings of many of the leading German economists. That the sum total of economic well-being will be increased and wars abolished by further emphasizing nationalistic, or more properly mercantilistic, tendencies, and by necessarily restricting, rather than encouraging, all forms of foreign intercourse, is open to grave doubt. If the capitalist deserves censure because he, wittingly or unwittingly, may pave the way for war, he at the same time deserves credit for performing a function that may be equally potent in preventing war. And certainly no treatment of the subject is complete which does not attempt to estimate the good as well as the evil consequences of a complex phenomenon.

The literature of the Oxford Movement and its results is rich in monographs and biographies, but for an historical survey of the whole subject, beginning with the state of religion in England in the days of Coleridge and concluding with the struggle of ritualism in the 'nineties, the only adequate work is that of the Frenchman, Paul Thureau-Dangin, which is now published in this country in the translation of Wilfred Wilberforce, revised and redited, as "The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century" (Dutton). As for the style of the narration, we may say that, partly owing to the Anglican character of the theme, and partly to the skill of the translator and the reviser, it reads like an original production, and very rarely suggests that it has been conveyed from another language. That in itself is no slight merit. But the greatest merit of the book is its fairness and impartiality. It is the work confessedly of a Roman Catholic, and naturally throws into relief every aspect of the movement that points Romeward. To this end, perhaps, undue emphasis is laid on the difficulties of the Anglicans, who sought that via media between Protestantism and Romanism which carried Newman to his conversion, or defalcation, as some would say, and which gives to the life of Pusey something of the look of spiritual tight-rope-walking. But in all the course of these two large volumes we do not recall a single word of bitterness against those who clung to the old faith. The weakness of the work is inherent in the subject itself. It is not easy to maintain interest in a drama whose climax falls in the first act, and no amount of art can conceal the fact that the culminating point of this whole movement was the secession of Newman in the year 1845. M. Thureau-Dangin is apparently aware of this difficulty, and does what is possible to keep the personality of Newman constantly in the foreground, even after his retirement to Edgbaston; but the later chapters of the book are nevertheless a tale of the epigoni when the heroes have departed. Possibly the flat conclusion of the story, dealing with the persecution and progress of ritualism, might have gained somewhat in weight if the author had seen a little more clearly the relation of this battle over vestments and candles and tables to the similar dispute in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is the way of the English to argue vehemently over these seemingly external matters, when their hearts are divided about the deepest concerns of political and spiritual liberty. The Greeks might split the world over difference between *homoousia* and *homoiousia*; whereas in England the fate of religion would seem to hang on the position of a table. But, if M. Thureau-Dangin has thus allowed the anti-climax of his subject to strike the eye a little more forcibly than was necessary, he has otherwise shown the trained art of a Frenchman in seizing what is salient and interesting. No one to whom religious history makes any appeal should fail to read this admirably proportioned narrative.

In the comparison between Newman and Manning, inevitable from the contrasted character of the men and from their part in the question of Papal infallibility, M. Thureau-Dangin's sympathies are all with the fighting leader of Oxford and Littlemore and the contemplative Saint of Edgbaston. Yet, if anything, he is more than fair to Manning, whether because, as a Catholic, he dislikes to expose the chicanery of this prince of the Church, or because he is led by his temperament to say the best that can be said of one who was, after all, contending for the truth as he understood it. And, certainly, there is much to the credit of Manning as a leader of men and a patron of the poor. But there are acts of his contest with Newman over Papal infallibility and over Newman's elevation to the Cardinalate which, to most men of honest mind, deserve harsher terms than M. Thureau-Dangin has thought fit to apply to them. He gives the facts, most of them, at least; but he does not recognize fully what to some critics seems their bearing on the movement otherwise so ably presented in these volumes.

Eminently a book for the tender-minded is Lucius Hopkins Miller's "Bergson and Religion" (Holt; $1.50 net). Announced by its publishers as "the first adequate attempt to assess the religious value of Bergson's teaching," it is neither the first nor the most adequate of such attempts. It follows, however, a procedure of its own, inasmuch as its concern is neither with the truth of Bergson's philosophy nor with the religious consequences which necessarily follow from it, but merely with the possibility of showing it to be not necessarily incompatible with "religion"—that is, with the form of liberal orthodoxy accepted by the author. Since Professor Miller's exegesis of Bergson is extremely easy-going, his philosophical acumen slight, and his logical methods far from rigorous, he experiences little difficulty in achieving the reconcilation which the reader from the outset perceives to be foreordained. It is, however, the more noteworthy, in a book of which the general temper is so mild and the intellectual texture so loose, that the author appears to incline to the radically evolutionary conception of a finite and temporal God, "one who has His limitations, battles, and even defeats," though, characteristically, nothing more aggressive is asserted, even here, than that "we cannot cavalierly dismiss the possibility of a vital religious faith being maintained upon this Bergsonian basis." The style of the book is that of the popular sermonizer, at once rhetorical and slipshod.

The feverish interest with which American citizens followed the seven weeks' campaign beginning October 6, last year, by which Germany crushed Servia, every one can well remember. The astonishing success of the Servians against Austrian arms had aroused hope against hope that the wave of destruction might be stayed, and that the Allied forces might help to roll back once more the hosts of the invader. But the clock-like precision of the Teutonic machine in a short two months drove the greater part of the defenders across their frontiers. It is this brief, implacable campaign that Mr. Fortier Jones reports in "With Serbia Into Exile" (Century; $1.60 net). For the task he had unexcelled opportunities. A member of the Columbia University Relief Expedition, he was enabled to visit, in that illusory calm preceding the onset in October, a good part of northern Servia, including the chief points of contact with the enemy, as at Zajechar and Belgrade. Early in October he joined the "Christitch Mission" at Valjevo. He was at Obrenovats only twenty-four hours before it was occu-

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pied by the Teutons. From that time till the 17th of December, when he crossed from San Giovanni di Medua to Brindisi, he was the only American with the vanguard of the retreating armies. He was, moreover, unconnected with any periodical, so that his observations and conversations were unhampered by restriction or reticence. His chronicle is correspondingly valuable. His pictures of war conditions in September, though clear and interesting, do not differ markedly from numerous accounts from the western front. But his far from flattering impressions of the British representatives in Servia are supported by full and vivid detail, and are disclosed without reserve. The author disclaims all intention of generalization, but he avows none too equivocally his feeling that their incompetence was partly responsible for Servia's hard fate.

That fate is recorded in all its shuddering horror. The unrelieved suffering of the retreat, such as he describes on the Plain of Kossovo, could be matched in Poland, but the total disorganization of the Government seen at Krushevats, Mitrovitze, and Prizrend symptomized the death throes of a nation. Even the General Staff conducted its deliberations and issued its orders in confusion and turmoil. In these glimpses of the chaos of defeat the recital is unique. Yet through all the anguish of those fateful days the Servian soldier preserved a restraint that must surprise all acquainted with military annals. Mr. Jones's personal contact with these men goes far to justify his fervent admiration of their heroism and endurance. He extols them as "the army that cannot die"; to the *cheechas* or fourth-line troops he dedicates the volume; and the whole story is undisguised eulogy. To the historical value of this graphic account by an eyewitness is added the fascination of a personal narrative in which some episodes would do credit to any romance. Mr. Jones was entrusted with conducting three nurses of the "Christitch Mission" to a place of safety. Through a country totally disorganized, with Germans drawing nearer and nearer, in spite of his utmost speed, the effort to escape was beset with hardships and dangers, sustained with humorous fortitude until the concluding pages. The narrative so engrosses the reader's interest that he often forgets the picture of Servia in following the author's individual fortunes.

A laudable effort in behalf of the cause of naming with propriety and some sense of historical perspective our American highways is being put forth by the National Highway Association. That organization asked the co-operation of the American Historical Association in the effort, and the latter Association appointed Prof. Archer B. Hulbert, of Marietta College, to act as a consulting committee. The Highway Association then created a division of historic highways, with Professor Hulbert as chairman. Among those who have agreed to lend their name and influence, as members of this division, are John H. Finley, Emerson Hough, Stewart Edward White, President James, of Illinois; President Farrand, of Colorado; President Mitchell, of Delaware; ex-Gov. McCorkle, of West Virginia, and Professors Buck, of Minnesota; Bolton, of California, and Young, of Oregon. The tentative plan of the division is to prepare a circular letter to be sent to the various State historical societies, calling attention to the matter, and asking that each society appoint a committee to investigate the question locally, and exert any effort it considers proper to have the old-time names retained, so far as consistent with present-day conditions. In many cases, if the effort is timely, the power to name roads can be placed by statute with the head of the State Highway Department, or with the State historical societies; whereas now it lies in most cases solely with county commissioners, whose interests are too local for the welfare of the general travelling public. Many interstate and transcontinental routes are receiving patriotic names which are usually quite appropriate; but the subdivisions of these routes, and the countless lesser thoroughfares of the country, should in general hold to the ancient local nomenclature, with all its geographical significance and all its ring of past experience, episode, and history.

Prof. Robert F. Hoxie, of Chicago University, says that "scientific management" is a long-time problem requiring a long-time solution. For this reason his "Scientific Management and Labor" (Appleton; $1.50 net), which embodies his conclusions from a study of the movement undertaken for the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, is bound to arouse antagonism in many minds. He appears to think that scientific management has its menaces, and that these must be eliminated in order that the good that has been predicted from the movement may be realized. It has been said, probably with much truth, that scientific management is like the progressive invention of machinery in its effect upon workers and social conditions and welfare generally—that it gives a new impulse to the industrial revolution which characterized the latter part of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. A chief characteristic of this revolution has been the breakdown of craftsmanship, the destruction of crafts, and the carrying of the modern industrial world forward towards an era of specialized workmanship and generally semi-skilled workmen. Here we glimpse the great problem with which the spread of scientific management confronts modern society. What is needed, says Professor Hoxie, is some method of putting back into the worker's life the content which he is losing as the result of increased specialization and the abandonment of the old apprenticeship system. In other words, what is really needed, under the circumstances, is not so much repression and direct control as social supplementation and increased knowledge.

Among the large number of works called forth by the great European war we may note two volumes issued by Macmillan that give a distinct impression of the feelings prevalent among thoughtful Englishmen. The discussions in the two books range over a great variety of topics and are all marked by absence of unscientific heat and exaggeration and by a quiet purpose to bring out and investigate the facts in the case. In "War-Time Sermons" (4s. 6d.), Dr. H. Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham, considers the practical religious results of the war. He counsels moderation, freedom from the spirit of revenge, self-analysis, and urges the duty of personal service to the country as one of the highest duties imposed on the nation. He insists also that the alleged failure of Christianity, so disheartening to many minds, is due not to any lack in the teaching of Christ, but to the fact that it has been accepted as a creed, not taken into the soul as a life. Under the title "The Faith and the War" (5s.) we have a series of essays by members of the Churchmen's Union and others on the religious difficulties aroused by the present condition of the world. These essays bring before us a number of fundamental questions such as the idea of Divine Providence, the problem of evil, and the belief in immortality. Prof. Percy Gardner, after a searching inquiry into the relation of a Divine Providence to the individual, holds that the details of this relation cannot be comprehended by man, and he falls back on the conviction (long ago announced by John Stuart Mill) that God working in the world through man needs man's help in carrying out his purposes, and man's part is to be a co-worker with God, throwing all his force into the aid of principles and policies that his conscience approves. The equally important and equally difficult question of Divine Providence in History is discussed by his sister, Miss Alice Gardner, with sanity, clearness, and a fine historical spirit; though her conclusion is negative, her observations are throughout just and instructive. The essays are all sharply critical of the religious life of the Christian world to-day, but they are not without hope; Dr. Henson, for example, looks forward to an increase of the spiritual power of the Church of England after the war. Altogether these two volumes offer a timely contribution to the religious literature of the war.

Satire is a Roman invention. The Romans did not discover invective, ridicule, moral teaching, or the portraiture of life—the elements that make up satire. But the literary form *satura*, as Quintilian remarks, is all their own. Why should we force him to swallow his words? To the ancient critic or writer, literary form was all-important; Horace's satires, if turned from their easy, conversational verse to prose, would cease to be *saturae*. Literary forms, however, were not water-tight compartments. The moment a form was perfected its characteristic themes and qualities would be imitated in other forms; for instance, Horace's *Odes*, which never cease to be lyrical, contain reflections of almost all the other kinds of poetry. In an enlarged form of a doctor's dissertation presented to Yale University in 1911, Mr. A. H. Weston examines "Latin Satirical Writing Subsequent to Juvenal" (Lancaster, Pa.: New Era Printing Company). His object is to collect and discuss passages of satirical quality in the later writers, whatever the nature of the work in which the passages occur. He has amassed an interesting array of examples from authors of the second century down to the fifth, including both Pagan and Christian writers. One thinks at once of St. Jerome as an eminent satirist, who doubtless relished, though abjuring, the title of *satiricus scriptor in prosa;* but Mr. Weston can also extract pungent bits from St. Ambrose and Prudentius. The latter, as treated here, has much the aspect of a Christian Juvenal. Ausonius has more Horatian urbanity; in the phrase which he applied to a contemporary, he mixes *fel* with *mel*. Mr. Weston has searched widely, selected sagaciously, and combined his extracts in a readable narrative. We should not expect, however, that

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a Yale doctor would use the word "viewpoint," or split an infinitive in thanking the teacher who suggested the subject of his dissertation.

A very fine reprint of Richard Biddle's "A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery," issued by Lippincott, comes to hand from Richard Biddle, surviving son of the author. The reprint is from the original American edition of 1831, but includes, in an appendix, some additional matters introduced into the second London edition of 1832. In its day the book was an important one. "The strictly historical investigation into the careers of the Cabots," says Mr. G. P. Winship, "dates from the appearance of Mr. Biddle's volume." It is no longer very useful, having long since been superseded by later researches. The issue was, however, not undertaken with any idea that it would be useful to students, but in testimony of the son's "affectionate veneration of his father's memory."

Not all books for children are issued at the holiday season. Among the spring volumes of this class is "Famous Buildings," described as a primer of architecture, by Charles L. Barstow (Century; 60 cents). The book is both historical and analytical; is, as it should be, full of illustrations, and is written simply but not in "bed-time story" fashion. Among its useful apparatus is a table of buildings in this country, arranged by cities and, for each city, by kinds of architecture. The reader is warned against supposing that the buildings noted represent styles in their purity, but the table is a practical means of informing a user of the styles he may find represented about him and of training him in that sort of observation.

Drama

"MISTER ANTONIO."

By a happy stroke Mr. Booth Tarkington has turned what might easily have been a stupid play into an enjoyable evening's entertainment. By glorifying an Italian hurdy-gurdy man into a peripatetic philosopher he has provided himself with a central theme well suited to his special talent. The whole wandering outfit—Capitano, the little ass that draws the wagon; Joe, the half-witted bandit, whose main delight is got from murdering his master with toy pistols, and Antonio, the gallant, full-hearted agent of simple righteousness—constitutes a droll but always piquant and engaging group.

Of the plot and the outlying figures not so much can be said. Indeed, during the first act, the scene of which is laid in a barroom on Third Avenue, one feared that one was in for the usual drab melodrama, wherein reality is by preference sought in the gutter. But this is virtually only a prologue designed to catch red-handed the hypocritical Mayor of a small Pennsylvanian town. Thereafter the action takes place in this little Avalonia, at which Antonio on his circuit has now arrived. The gist of the whole matter is that the unlettered Italian, the half-witted Joe, and even Capitano, are better qualified to evaluate human conduct than are the self-appointed mentors of a town in which respectability has been carried to the point of indecency—which means hypocrisy.

Mr. Otis Skinner played this eccentric rôle in a manner that left little to be desired.

F.

"THE INTRUDER."

While one must acknowledge appreciatively Cyril Harcourt's skill as a dramatic craftsman of the Anglo-French school, it cannot be said that in his latest play, produced by Cohan and Harris at the theatre of that name, he displays any striking originality either in idea or in construction. What he gives us is the familiar triangle of husband, wife, and friend, and so much philosophy as there is in the piece, boiled down, presents us with the conclusion, also strangely familiar, that in these triangular cases the apparently injured party is really the one most to blame and it is the sinners who deserve our sympathy. Indeed, in the present instance the justice of that conclusion so impressed itself upon the husband, René Levardier, that in the end he was induced to abandon the very artistic revenge for his injured honor for the contrivance of which the play was written.

Levardier, a French examining magistrate, called away at night on business, leaves his wife, Pauline, and his friend, George Guérand, together in his apartment. Also he leaves 200,000 francs' worth of notes, connected with the case which calls him away, in a drawer in his bureau. He will return at five o'clock in the morning and cannot return before. It is a heaven-sent opportunity for Pauline and Guérand, of which one realizes that advantage was taken when in the second scene of the first act Pauline appears in négligée showing Guérand out of the house in the gray dawn. Their appearance interrupts the operations of a burglar, who hides behind a curtain, witnessing the impassioned leave-taking, and when Pauline goes with Guérand to open the front door abstracts the notes from the bureau and departs by the window. Pauline reappears to discover the theft, the police are summoned, and the double thread of plot is safely joined. The rest is an interesting tracing out of Levardier's discovery of his wife's infidelity and his scheme of vengeance. The last, of course, is to put Guérand in such a position that to save Pauline's honor he must confess responsibility for the theft which he has not committed and languish for a number of years in jail. Guérand duly chooses the way of honor, as so sympathetic and personable a lover as Vernon Steel makes in the part surely must, but at the last minute, on Pauline pointing out to Levardier how neglectful and generally unsatisfactory a husband he has been, the revengeful magistrate sees a new light and orders Guérand's release, thereby gratifying the sentimental audience, but leaving the future relations of the trio a little bit up in the air.

A hackneyed theme is made interesting, even absorbing, by Mr. Harcourt's art of the theatre. The piece is finished, even though mechanical, in construction, and it is well written. It is also well played. Miss Olive Tell, a beautiful Pauline, is sympathetic throughout and plays in the love scenes and in the scene of denunciation of her husband with a real fire and passion that make one believe in the "little dancing devil" her lover saw in her eyes. The Levardier of Frank Kemble Cooper is a good presentation, played with proper restraint, of the cynical, somewhat ruthless, but at bottom justice-loving, husband. To Vernon Steel's graceful performance of the rather difficult rôle of the lover we have alluded. An excellent note of comedy is afforded in the capitally written part of the Stranger, the blackmailing burglar who stole the notes, played for all that is in it by H. Cooper Cliffe. Minor rôles are uniformly well taken.

S. W.

"UPSTAIRS AND DOWN."

It is evident that without a carefully picked cast this farcical comedy would not have had the cordial reception from fashionable audiences which has been its fate hitherto. For fashionable society, when it sees itself portrayed, will put up with exaggeration and satire, but demands that its representatives on the stage shall wear their clothes easily and in the finesse of gesture and intonation shall escape the taint of the bourgeois. And it must be said that the company, which includes Fred Tiden, Christine Norman, Orlando Daly, Roberta Arnold, Mary Servoss, Juliet Day, Paul Harvey, and Courtney Foote, is exceptionally well suited to the dramatic requirements.

Not that the play itself is lacking in "go." It has a succession of smart lines and amusing situations. But in this rather frank representation of fashionable fuss and feathers and worry over other men's wives and other wives' husbands, a false step would have turned the work into absurd caricature and it would have lacked the authentic touch which it now has. In sum, it pictures the escapades of a house party on Long Island, far from the Brooklyn end. The sensation for the moment is Capt. Terance O'Keefe, a young Irishman, a former member of the invading polo team and now in this country to buy horses for the British Government. Though a notorious flirt, "Terry" is not a blackguard, and nothing scandalous happens, even if the verge of the scandalous is frequently approached; and he himself, as a result of a romantic trap set for him, is duly ensnared. The part is well taken by Mr. Foote. It is unnecessary to recount the various intrigues of the play, which centre mainly upon "Terry" and a frivolous little Alice, played with spirit by Juliet Day. In the end, thanks to the authors, Frederic and Fanny Hatton, who, it must be confessed, are somewhat put to it—so much mischief have they let loose—complications are straightened out and love, not untouched by the salt of cynicism, wins the day. The crowning touch is a really pretty scene of reconciliation between the host and hostess (admirably taken by Miss Norman). The "downstairs" of the title means the kitchen, for the servants are much in evidence, especially the butler, who is rather memorably portrayed by Arthur Elliott.

F.

"ARMS AND THE GIRL."

One critic has wittily characterized this play as "a pleasant comedy of the invasion of Belgium." Whether this merry treatment of an episode of history which as late as a year ago one fancied would never be recalled without a shudder is an indication that the war's end, and hence a happier time, is approaching, we do not venture to say. The play, in any case, furnishes food for mild laughter in the plight of two Americans—the eternal man and girl from Indiana—who, upon the invasion by the Germans, are for the time being imprisoned in a small hotel in Belgium. The gist of the matter is seen

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when it is explained that the girl, though betrothed to another, represents herself as being the fiancée of the man, and that the German general in command of the situation, in order to assure himself that she is not lying, orders the burgomaster there and then to marry them. It is fortunate for the girl that she recognizes in this man the true object of her love.

The piece, which is the work of Grant Stewart and Robert Baker, is put together with a fair amount of skill, and the two leading parts are taken with the gusto expected of the Middle West by Fay Bainter and Cyril Scott. A word of especial praise must be given to Henry Vogel for his impersonation of Gen. Klaus. F.

"CAROLINE."

W. Somerset Maugham is a playwright of ability, who has narrowed his mind to the demands of the moment and the exigencies, real or supposed, of the box office. Always his comedies show a considerable amount of constructive skill, and contain a fair proportion of bright, snappy lines. They may contain ideas or not, but it is evident that the idea is the last thing in the world that bothers Mr. Maugham, for when, as in his latest play, which has come from London to the Empire Theatre, with Miss Margaret Anglin in the title rôle, he happens to hit upon a theme of real interest and some originality, he displays in his handling of it almost complete indifference to its merits. The two things that most concern him are the mechanics of play-construction and the furnishing of a proper amount of the smart flippancy that can often be passed off as wit.

That mankind, and particularly the masculine portion of it, is always most powerfully attracted by the unattainable, is the theme which Mr. Maugham had the opportunity of developing into an interesting play. His grouping of characters for this purpose promises well. Caroline Ashley has been parted from her hopelessly unsatisfactory husband for ten years, during the whole of which time she has enjoyed a close and charming platonic friendship with Robert Oldham. Their romance, sanctified by careful observance of the moral code, has been watched with sympathetic interest by a circle of friends, by whom, as by the principals themselves, it is an understood thing that whenever Providence in its wisdom shall see fit to remove Ashley to another world, the long years of patient waiting will have their reward in an ideal marriage. The play opens as authentic news comes of Ashley's long-deferred decease. Enthusiastic friends, bubblingly officious, rush in to congratulate Caroline and Oldham on the approaching consummation of their fondest hopes. Whereupon it is observed that both are glum and ill at ease among their beaming friends. The truth is that, now the goal is in sight, neither of them is anxious to reach out for it. Neither wishes to interrupt the romantic friendship of so many years. Oldham, however, proposes to Caroline as a matter of duty, and she refuses him, to his obvious relief. But the enthusiasm of friends makes it impossible for the matter to rest there, and the two are only saved from matrimony by the desperate expedient, suggested by a wise family physician, of resurrecting the deceased Ashley. With Caroline again unattainable, all of Oldham's devotion returns, as does that of another character, Rex Cunningham, who serves the machinery of the play well as a second-string to Caroline's bow.

All of this might have been made into the entertaining light comedy which Mr. Maugham intended to write. But he has allowed his comedy, despite a good deal of excellent writing, to degenerate into farce, and the cast selected to present it, with the exception of Miss Anglin and of Arthur Chesney, who gives a clever and polished performance as Dr. Cornish, contributes to the degeneration. Miss Anglin, in a part obviously beneath her powers, stands out conspicuously for the finish of her playing and for the sureness with which every pointed line is made to reach the audience; but Charles Dalton, a sound actor of wide experience, is miscast as Robert Oldham. Instead of the polished barrister and man of the world whom one expects, the character, as played by him, comes perilously near to suggesting the buffoon. We were about to say that more intelligent direction might have saved the play from the pitfall of farce into which the author's treatment has led it, but as the programme assures us that the piece was produced under the direction of Mr. Maugham himself, we can only saddle him with a double responsibility. S. W.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

The most amusing farce which has been seen in New York during the present season is this piece by James Montgomery, adapted from the novel by Frederick Isham, which H. H. Frazee presents at the Longacre Theatre. The point of it is the difficulty of telling the exact truth under every circumstance that may occur even during so short a period as twenty-four hours. To William Collier, as Robert Bennett, partner in a firm of stock brokers, falls the impossible task, the manner of its incidence on his shoulders being led up to with considerable ingenuity. It all comes of the charitable efforts of Gwendolyn Ralston, daughter of Bennett's senior partner. Under the inspiration of a mendicant bishop, traditionally interpreted by Arnold Lucy, Gwendolyn is endeavoring to raise $20,000 for charity, her close-fisted father having lightly promised to double any amount above that sum which she may collect. Ten thousand dollars apparently represents the limit to be achieved by her powers of pleading, and this sum she brings to Bennett with the trifling request that he double it by the day after tomorrow by the simple process of investing it in some perfectly safe speculation. The problem appears insuperable until Bennett, who has natural leanings towards the truth, in protesting against his senior partner's methods of disposing of doubtful stock, is drawn into an argument which results in a bet of $10,000 being made that he will not tell the exact truth under every circumstance for a period of twenty-four hours.

The wealth of material for farcical purposes which the situation affords is obvious, and it is well used by the author and by Mr. Collier, whose impersonation of Bennett, hounded by the three men with whom he has made his bet, vainly endeavoring to avoid human society, misunderstood by Gwendolyn, for whose sake he is making of himself a social pariah by his unpalatable truths, is admirable alike in its humorous qualities and in the restraint with which it is presented. The whole play is neatly constructed, the way is cleared quickly for the presentation of the general situation, and the process itself is lively and amusing. Thereafter the action is rapid, the situations dovetail well one into another, and every character contributes its part towards the building of the play, including the clock in the last act, to whose progress minute by minute the action is excellently timed. The cast is a little uneven, but generally capable. The performances of Rapley Holmes, as Ralston; of Ned A. Sparks, as Clarence van Dusen, and of Miss Vivian Wessell, as Mable Jackson, may be particularly mentioned. S. W.

"POLLYANNA."

The "gladness" of Pollyanna would in real life be infuriating to the last degree. On the stage, as between the covers of Eleanor H. Porter's novel, it is more tolerable, for we have the comforting reflection that, anyway, the victims of it are not ourselves, but the characters of the play, and that, if they like it and blossom under its influence into genial souls, why, that is their affair, and not ours. Besides, Pollyanna is only a little girl, and may yet grow out of it. Even on the stage it must be admitted that her gladness becomes at times a little cloying, has about it something of the aroma of the professional optimist, whom one avoids, when possible, in social intercourse, and suffers despondently only when securely buttonholed. Recollections of gloomy quarter-hours spent in such company would be more insistent were it not for the art of Miss Patricia Collinge, who makes of Pollyanna, for the moment at least, a credible character. Indeed, during the greater part of the play Miss Collinge successfully charms away one's natural aversion to the optimist, and brings instead that sudden tightening of the throat which, in the moment of resenting it, one recognizes as agreeable. Let it be granted that Pollyanna—the cheerful little orphan who finds occasion for "gladness" in the most adverse circumstances, and gradually infects a group of quarrelsome and crusty neighbors with her own philosophy—is an artificial character, yet Miss Collinge plays her with entire naturalness. The gestures, the impulsive movements, the articulation, are those of a little girl: the whole make-up is the embodiment of the kind of creature we like to think little girls are. Very rarely does one see a child part so effectively played by an adult.

The difficult task of adaptation has been, on the whole, well performed by Catherine Chisolm Cushing. Details have been changed, but the spirit of Mrs. Porter's story is retained, and even accentuated, and the mechanism of the play is successfully managed. Even so, a large part of the credit for the success which there is every prospect of its enjoying at the Hudson Theatre should go to the producers, Klaw & Erlanger and George C. Tyler, for their wisdom in engaging a cast of exceptional competence. One does not expect to find players like Miss Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey in relatively minor rôles, but that their talents are very far from being wasted in such rôles it needs only a moment's effort of the imagination to realize. In hands less expert than Miss Shannon's, Pollyanna's aunt, Miss Polly Harrington, would be an impossible character. Miss Shannon invests her with the individuality and distinction which only finished art can give. The same applies to the Dr. Chilton of Mr. Kelcey. Philip Merivale gives a clever performance of John Pendleton, whose "grouch" of twenty years is charmed away

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by Pollyanna; the three women of "The Ladies' Aid" in the first act are deftly characterized, and the boy's part of Jimmy Bean is notably well played by young Stephen Davis. The boisterous Irish Nancy of Miss Jessie Busley provokes easy laughter, but is out of key. For those who enjoy "a good cry" this play may be cordially recommended, and others, less lachrymosely inclined, will find their sentimental nerves pleasantly tickled.

S. W.

Finance

OUR INTERNATIONAL BALANCE SHEET.

From last week's "Loree estimate" on American railway securities in foreign hands, now and a year and a half ago, Wall Street drew several conclusions. The inference generally adopted was that Europe, a month or so before the war began in 1914, held something like $4,000,000,000 in stocks or bonds of our railway and industrial companies, of which probably $2,300,000,000 have been sold since then to American investors. The two questions which remain are these: Will Europe as a whole and England in particular proceed to sell the rest of the $1,700,000,000 American securities on the New York Stock Exchange? What will be the effect, on our international position when the war is over, of this country's unprecedentedly great redemption of its foreign obligations?

The first question rests on the policy of the British Treasury, which controls the "mobilized" foreign investments of the English citizens. It is at liberty to sell them on our markets, or to use them as collateral for further large loans to be raised in the United States. On the whole, banking opinion leans to the belief that Great Britain will sell American securities, as need demands or occasion offers, while the war lasts; but it is also pointed out that the British Treasury has offered to borrow from its home investors, rather than buy outright, the issues designated under the various mobilization plans, with an option to sell them, which was necessary to validate the use of the securities as collateral. To the extent that these issues are to be reserved for collateral purposes, the amount of liquidation which this market will be called on to absorb will be reduced. A further consideration, bearing in the same direction, is the American stocks and bonds still held in Germany and Austria, whose sale has been made difficult, if not impossible, by the British blockade. New York bankers estimate these holdings at $400,000,000.

It has been calculated that Europe, prior to the Balkan wars, reinvested in our securities annually one-third of the sums received in interest and dividends on American issues already held. The financial prestige of the United States, gained during the war, may present strong inducements to Europe to buy our securities again when the war is over; but, on the other hand, Europe's own securities are likely to be relatively cheap, and the demands for capital on the Continent for reconstruction may put a serious handicap on American issues, in addition to the one already existing because of the reduction in our payments of interest abroad.

The question of the economic after-effects of the huge re-purchases which we have made from Europe, is bound up with our foreign trade situation as a whole. This country's exports of merchandise during August, as reported last week, footed up $509,700,000, whereas $474,800,000 (last May) was the high record of war-time, and $278,200,000 (November, 1912) the maximum of any month before the war. Last month's surplus of exports over imports, $310,500,000, was greater by $48,000,000 than the best war-time figure and by $172,000,000 than the largest surplus in any month of peace, reached in October, 1913. Last year, the export excess for the eight months ending with August was $688,600,000 greater than the highest reached in any previous corresponding period—that of 1908. By an odd coincidence of figures, the same eight months this year produced an export surplus $688,700,000 larger than that in 1915.

But this, after all, tells only part of the story. If the estimate is correct, that foreign investors owned in the middle of 1914 $4,000,000,000 of American securities, our annual payments to the outside world on that account—even assuming the low average interest or dividend rate of 4 per cent.—could not have been less than $160,000,000.

But this was only one item in the "invisible balance of trade against us." It was estimated, in the years before the war, that American tourists each year spent $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 in Europe. Foreign-born citizens were thought to send abroad, to relatives and friends, upwards of $50,000,000 annually. Estimates of our payment to foreign steamship lines for carrying our goods ran well above $300,000,000.

How do these considerations stand to-day, and how will they stand when peace returns? It is probable that not more than $1,750,000,000 of our securities remain in foreign hands, on which interest and dividends should be $70,000,000, compared with the $160,000,000 before the war. There are practically no "tourist remittances" to-day, as against the old-time annual $150,000,000. Very great numbers of our foreign-born citizens of other years have gone back to Europe, and money is no longer sent out of the United States on their account. Although the total volume of our foreign commerce is larger than before the war, with freight rates also higher, a much larger ownership of the vessels carrying it is in American hands.

On top of all these changes, one must also allow for the $1,750,000,000 or upwards of loans made by our market during war-time to the outside world. At 5 per cent., this would mean $87,500,000 annually paid to us from abroad for interest. One does not need to look very far into these items of the international balance sheet to see that our annual debit and credit account with Europe, on the basis of ordinary routine payments, will be something very different when the war is over from what it was at the war's beginning.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Ashmun, M. Isabel Carleton's Year. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Child, R. W. Bodbank. Holt. $1.35 net.
Ellis, J. R. Agnes of the Badlands. Macaulay. $1.25 net.
Kauffman, R. W. The Mark of the Beast. Macaulay. $1.25 net.
Kendall, O. The Romance of the Martin Connor. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Lait, J. Beef, Iron and Wine. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Leblanc, M. The Woman of Mystery. Macaulay. $1.25 net.
Masefield, J. Multitude and Solitude. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Webster, H. K. The Painted Scene. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Wilson, [illegible] Somewhere in Red Gap. Doubleday, [illegible]e. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Carpenter, [illegible]e Ethics of Euripides. Columbia U[illegible]ty Press.
Collison-[illegible] L. Shakespeare in Italy. Lond[illegible]speare Head Press.
Findlate[illegible] Content with Flies. Dutton.
Jacks[illegible]losophers in Trouble. Holt. $1.[illegible]
Osborn[illegible]manistic Studies. Vol. II, No.[illegible]al Diction and Theme in Engli[illegible] 1740-1840. University of Kans[illegible]
The B[illegible] Prize Speaker. Edited by W. [illegible] Houghton Mifflin. 90 cents net.
Wergeland, A. M. Leaders in Norway. Menasha, [illegible] George Banta Pub. Co.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Bogart, E. L. and Thompson, C. M. Readings in the Economic History of the U. S. Longmans, Green. $2.80 net.
Brisco, N. A. Fundamentals of Salesmanship. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Hornbeck, S. K. Contemporary Politics on the Far East. Appleton. $3 net.
Jackman, W. T. Transportation in Modern England. Vols. I and II. Putnam. $7.25 net.
Jones, C. L. Caribbean Interests of the United States. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Moulton, H. G. Exercises and Questions for Use with "Principles of Money and Banking." University of Chicago Press.
Seitz, D. C. Training for the Newspaper Trade. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Surrey, N. M. M. The Commerce of Louisiana During the French Régime, 1699-1763. Longmans, Green.
Vinogradoff, P. Self-Government in Russia. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Warne, F. J. The Tide of Immigration. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Withers, H. The Meaning of Money. Vol. II. Dutton. $1.25 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Lethbridge, M. and A. The Soul of the Russian. Lane. $1.25 net.
Pinon, R. La Suppression des Arméniens. Huitième édition. Paris: Librairie Académique, Perrin et Cie.
Stanwood, E. A History of the Presidency from 1897-1916. Houghton Mifflin.
Wilstach, P. Mount Vernon—Washington's Home and the Nation's Shrine. Doubleday, Page. $2.

POETRY.

Pulsifer, H. T. Mothers and Men. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Robertson, W. The Golden Book of Sonnets. Lippincott. $1.25 net.

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